

THE  
SCOTTISH  
Historie of Iames the

fourth, slaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by  
*Oboram* King of *Fayeries*:

*As it hath bene sundrie times publikely  
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maister of Arts.

*Omne tulit punctum.*



L O N D O N  
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THE

SCOTTISH

CHURCH

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# THE SCOTTISH Hystorie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden.

Musicke playing within.

*Enter After Oberon, King of Fayries, an Antique, who dance about  
a Tombe, plac'd conveniently on the Stage, out of the which, sud-  
dainly starts up as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a rid-  
stall man, from whom the Antique flies. Oberon Manet.*

*Bohan.*



*Y say, whats thou?*

*Oberon. Thy friend Bohan,*

*Bohan. What wot I, or reck  
I that, whay guid man, I reck  
no friend, nor ay reck no foe, als  
ene to me, git the ganging, and  
trouble not may whayet, or ay's*

*gar the recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary masse fall I.*

*Ober. Why angrie Scot, I visit thee for loue: then what  
mooues thee to wroath?*

*Bohan. The deelee aw hit reck I thy loue. For I knowe  
too well, that true loue tooke her flight twentie winter sence to  
heauen, whither till ay can, weeke, I wot, ay sal pere finde loue:  
an thou lou'st me, leaue me to my selfe. But what were those  
Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whaylet?*

*Oberon. My subiects.*



# The Scottish Historie

*Bob.* Thay subiects, whay art thou a King?

*Ober.* I am.

*Boban.* The deelee thou art, whay thou look'st not so big as the king of Clubs, nor so sharpe as the king of Spades, nor so faine as the king Adaymonds, be the masse ay take thee to bee the king of false harts: therefore I rid thee away, or ayse so curry your Kingdome, that yous be glad to runne to saue your life.

*Ober.* Why stoycall Scot, do what thou dar'st to me, heare is my beest strike.

*Bob.* Thou wilt not threap me, this whiniard has gard many better mē to lope the thou: but how now? Gos sayds what wilt not out? whay thou wich, thou deelee, gads fute may whiniard.

*Ober.* Why pull man: but what can't wear out, how then?

*Bob.* This then, thou weart best begon first: for ayl so lop thy lymys, that thouse go with half a knaues carkasse to the deelee

*Ober.* Draw it out, now strike foole, canst thou not?

*Bob.* Bread ay gad, what deelee is in me, whay tell mee thou skipiack what art thou?

*Ober.* Nay first te'l me what thou wast from thy birth, what thou hast past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a Tombe, & leauest the world? and then I will release thee of these bonds, before not.

*Bob.* And not before, then needs must needs sal: I was borne a gentleman of the best bloud in all *Scotland*, except the king, when time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier, where though ay list not praise my selfe, ay engraue the memory of *Boughon* on the skin-coate of some of them, and reuel'd with the proudest.

*Ober.* But why living in such reputation, didst thou leaue to be a Courtier?

*Bob.* Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promises, & my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares service, one outran me, and what the deelee should I then do there. No no, flattering knaues that can cog and prate fastest, speede best in the Court.

To



## of Iames the fourth.

*Ober.* To what life didst thou then betake thee?

*Bob.* I then chang'd the Court for the countrey, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swaines more vile, then the knauery of courtiers: the charge of children more heauie then seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe: and therefore I gaue ore that, & went to the Citie to dwell, & there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the neere.

*Ober.* And why?

*Bob.* because in seeking friends, I found table guests to eate me, & my meat, my wiues gossops to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life, which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the citie worst of all, in good time my wife died: ay wood she had died twentie winter sooner by the masse, leauing my two sonnes to the world, and shutting my selfe into this Tombe, where if I dye, I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilst I liue, cannot be free frō ill companie. Besides, now I am sure gif all my friends faile me, I shall haue a graue of mine owne prouiding: this is all. Now what art thou?

*Ober.* *Oberon* King of Fayries, that loues thee because thou hatest the world, and to gratulate thee, I brought those Antiques to shew thee some sport in daunsing, which thou hast loued well.

*Boban.* Ha, ha, ha, thinkest thou those puppits can please me? whay I haue two sonnes, that with one scottish gigge shall breake the necke of thy Antiques.

*Ober.* That would I faine see.

*Boban.* Why thou shalt, howe boyes.

*Enter Slipper and Nano.*

Haud your clacks lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather vppe your legges and daunce me forthwith a gigge worth the sight.

*Slip.* Why I must talk on Idy fort, wherefore was my tongue made.

*Boban.* Prattle an thou darst ene word more, and ais dab this whiniard in thy wembe.

*Be*

# The Scottish historie

*Ober.* Be quiet *Boban*, Ile strike him dumbe, and his brother too, their talk shal not hinder our gyg, fall to it, dance I say mā.

*Bob.* Dance Humer, dance, ay rid thee.

*The two dance a gig deuised for the nonst.*

Now get you to the wide world with more thē my father gaue me, thats learning enough, both kindes, knauerie & honestie: and that I gaue you, spend at pleasure.

*Ober.* Nay for their sport I will giue them this gift, to the Dwarfe I giue a quicke witte, prettie of body, and awarrant his preferment to a Princes seruice, where by his wisdome he shall gaine more loue then cōmon. And to loggerhead your sonne, I giue a wandering life, and promise he shall neuer lacke: and auow that if in all distresses he call vpon me to helpe him: now let them go.

*Exeunt with curtisies.*

*Bob.* Now King, if thou bee a King, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration, in the yeare 1520. was in *Scotland*, a king ouerruled with parasites, misled by lust, & many circumstances, too long to trattle on now, much like our court of *Scotland* this day, that story haue I set down, gang with me to the gallery, & Ile shew thee the same in Action, by guid fellowes of our country men, and then when thou seest that, iudge if any wise man would not leaue the world if he could.

*Ober.* That will I see, lead and ile follow thee.

*Exeunt.*



# of James the fourth.

*Laus Deo detur in Eternum.*

*Enter the King of England, the King of Scots, Dorishe his Queen,  
the Countesse, Lady Ida, with other Lords. And Ateukin with  
them aloofe.*

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

*K. of Scots.* **B**rother of England, since our neighboring  
And neare alliance doth invite our loues,  
The more I think vpon our last accord,

The more I greeue your suddaine parting hence:  
First lawes of friendship did confirme our peace,  
Now both the scale of faith and marriage bed,  
The name of father, and the style of friend,  
These force in me affection full confirmed,  
So that I greeue, and this my heartie grieve  
The heauens record, the world may witnesse well  
To loose your presence, who are now to me  
A father, brother, and a vowed friend.

*K. of Eng.* Link all these louely stiles good king in  
And sincethy grieve exceeds in my depart, (one,  
I leaue my *Dorisbea* to enioy, thy whole compact  
Loues, and plighted vowes.

Brother of *Scotland*, this is my ioy, my life,  
Her fathers honour, and her Countries hope,  
Her mothers comfort, and her husbands blisse:  
I tell thee king, in louing of my *Doll*,  
Thou bindst her fathers heart and all his friends  
In bands of loue that death cannot dissolue.

*K. of Scots.* Nor can her father loue her like to me,  
My liues light, and the comfort of my soule:  
Faith *Dorisbea*, that wast Englands pride,  
Welcome to *Scotland*, and in signe of loue,  
Lo I inuest thee with the Scottish Crowne.

B

Nobles

# The Scottish historie

Nobles and Ladies, stoupe vnto your Queene.  
And Trumpets sound, that Heralds may proclaime,  
Fairst *Dorthea* peerlesse Queene of Scots.

*All.* Long lue and prosper our faire Q. of Scots.  
*Enstall and Crowne her.*

*Dor.* Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity,  
Thanks to my father, that prouides so carefully,  
Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor,  
And thanks to all that loue their King and me.

*All.* Long lue faire *Dorthea* our true Queene.

*K. of E.* Long shine the sun of *Scotland* in her pride,  
Her fathers comfort, and faire *Scotlands* Bride.

But *Dorthea*, since I must depart,  
And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge,  
Let me aduise my louely daughter first,  
What best befits her in a forraine land,  
Liue *Doll*, for many eyes shall looke on thee,  
Haue care of honor and the present state:  
For she that steps to height of Maiestie,  
Is euen the marke whereat the enemy aimes.  
Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,  
Thine affable discourse to abiect minde.  
If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud:  
Be therefore warie in this slippery state,  
Honour thy husband, loue him as thy life:  
Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,  
Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gaine:  
But loue such friends as do the truth maintaine.  
Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone,  
And thou shalt liue in health when I am gone.

*Dor.* I will engraue these precepts in my heart,  
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,  
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps,  
May blesse my father with continuall grace.

(depart.

*K. of E.* Then son farwell, the fauouring windes inuites vs to  
Long



## of James the fourth.

Long circumstance in taking princely leaues,  
Is more officious then conuenient.

Brother of *Scotland*, loue me in my childe,  
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

*K. of Sc.* Then louely *Doll*, and all that fauor me,  
Attend to see our English friends at sea,  
Let all their charge depend vpon my purse:  
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord,  
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate,  
Onely faire Countesse, and your daughter stay,  
With you I haue some other thing to say.

*Exeunt all saue the King, the Countesse,  
Ida, Ateukin, in all royaltie.*

*K. of S.* So let them triumph that haue cause to ioy,  
But wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death:  
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill,  
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,  
Milled by loue, hast made another choyce,  
Another choyce, euen when thou vowdst thy soule  
To *Dorithea*, Englands choysest pride,  
O then thy wandring eyes bewicht thy heart,  
Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,  
When periur'd man, though faire *Doll* had thy hand,  
The Scottish *Idaes* bewtie stole thy heart:  
Yet feare and loue hath tyde thy readie tongue  
From blabbing forth the passions of thy minde,  
Lest fearefull silence haue in suttile looks  
Bewrayd the treason of my new vowd loue,  
Be faire and louely *Doll*, but here's the prize  
That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes,  
Yet how so ere I loue, I must be wise.  
Now louely Countesse, what reward or grace,  
May I imploy on you for this your zeale,  
And humble honors done vs in our Court,  
In entertainment of the English King.



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*Countesse.* It was of dutie Prince that I haue done:  
And what in fauour may content me most,  
Is, that it please your grace to giue me leaue,  
For to returne vnto my Countrey home.

*K. of Scots.* But louely *Ida* is your mind the same?

*Ida.* I count of Court my Lord, as wise men do,  
Tis fit for those that knowes what longs thereto:  
Each person to his place, the wise to Art,  
The Cobler to his clout, the Swaine to Cart.

*K. of Sc.* But *Ida* you are faire, and bewtie shines,  
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

*Ida.* If bewtie (as I know there's none in me)  
Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be:  
The farther from the Court I were remoued,  
The more I thinke of heauen I were beloued.

*K. of Scots.* And why?

*Ida.* Because the Court is counted *Venus* net,  
Where gifts and vows for stales are often set,  
None, be she chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete  
A curious toong to charme her eares with sweet.

*K. of Scots.* Why *Ida* then I see you set at naught,  
The force of loue.

*Ida.* In sooth this is my thoght most gracious king,  
That they that little proue  
Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of loue:  
And wee I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,  
That like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting:  
He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,  
He on Kings pillowes, bends his prettie knees:  
The Boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,  
He hath a leaden foote, and wings to flie:  
Besthrow me yet, for all these strange effects,  
If I would like the Lad, that so infects. (desire)

*K. of Scots.* Rare wit, fair face, what hart could more  
But *Dell* is faire, and doth concerne thee neere.



## of Iames the fourth.

Let *Doll* be faire, she is wonne, but I must woe,  
And win faire *Ida*, theres some choyce in two.  
But *Ida* thou art coy.

*Ida*. And why dread King?

*K. of Scots*. In that you will dispraise so sweet  
A thing, as loue had I my wish.

*Ida*. What then?

*K. of Scots*. Then would I place his arrow here,  
His bewtie in that face.

*Ida*. And were *Apello* moued and rulde by me,  
His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

*K. of Scots*. But here returns our traine.

Welcome faire *Doll*: how fares our father, is he shipt and gone.

*Enters the traine backe.*

*Dor*. My royall father is both shipt and gone,  
God and faire winds direct him to his home.

*K. of Sc*. Amen say I, wold thou wert with him too:  
Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.

But Countesse you would be gone, therefore farwell

Yet *Ida* if thou wilt, stay thou behind,

To accompany my Queene.

But if thou like the pleasures of the Court,

Or if she like me tho she left the Court,

What should I say? I know not what to say,

You may depart, and you my curteous Queene,

Leaue me a space, I haue a waightie cause to thinke vpon

*Ida*, it nips me neere:

It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

*Exeunt all saving the King and Ateukin.*

*K. of Scot*. Now am I free from sight of commoie,  
Where to my selfe I may disclose the grieve  
That hath too great a part in mine affects.

*Asen*. And now is my time, by wiles & words to rise,  
Greater then those, that thinks themselves more wise.

*K. of Scots*. And first fond King, thy honor doth engraue,

# The Scottish Historie

Vpon thy browes, the drift of thy disgrace:  
Thy new vowd loue in sight of God and men,  
Linke thee to *Dorithea*, during life.  
For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife,  
Deceitfull murderer of a quiet minde,  
Fond loue, vile lust, that thus misleads vs men,  
To vowe our faithes, and fall to sin againe.  
But Kings stoupe not to euery common thought,  
*Ida* is faire and wise, fit for a King:  
And for faire *Ida* will I hazard life,  
Venture my Kingdome, Country, and my Crowne:  
Such fire hath loue, to burne a kingdome downe.  
Say *Doll* dislikes, that I estrange my loue,  
Am I obedient to a womans looke?  
Nay say her father frowne when he shall heare  
That I do hold faire *Idas* loue so deare:  
Let father frowne and fret, and fret and die,  
Nor earth, nor heauen shall part my loue and I.  
Yea they shall part vs, but we first must meet,  
And wo, and win, and yet the world not seet.  
Yea ther's the wound, & wounded with that thoght  
So let me die: for all my drift is naught.

*Aten.* Most gracious and imperiall Maiestie,

*K. of S.* A little flattery more were but too much,  
Villaine what art thou that thus darest interrupt a Princes se-

*Aten.* Dread King, thy vassall is a man of Art, (crets.  
Who knowes by constellation of the stars,  
By oppositions and by drie aspects,  
The things are past, and those that are to come.

*K. of S.* But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?

*Aten.* My zeale and ruth to see your graces wrong,  
Makes me lament, I did detract so long.

*K. of S.* If thou knowst thoughts, tell me what mean I now?

*Aten.* Ile calculate the cause of those your highnesse smiles,  
And tell your thoughts,

*K. of S.*



## of Iames the fourth.

*K. of S.* But least thou spend thy time in idlenesse,  
And misse the matter that my mind aimes at,  
Tell me what star was opposite when that was thought?  
He strikes him on the care.

*Aien.* Tis inconuenient mightie Potentate,  
Whose lookes resembles *Ioue* in Maiestie,  
To scorne the sooth of science with contempt,  
I see in those imperiall lookes of yours,  
The whole discourse of loue, *Saturn* combust,  
With direfull lookes at your matrine:  
Beheld faire *Venus* in her siluer orbe,  
I know by certaine exiemies I haue read,  
Your graces griefs, & further can expresse her name,  
That holds you thus in fancies bands.

*K. of S.* Thou talkest wonders.

*Aien.* Nought but truth O King,  
Tis *Ida* is the mistresse of your heart,  
Whose youth must take impression of affects,  
For tender twigs will bowe, and milder mindes,  
Will yeeld to fancie be they followed well.

*K. of S.* What god art thou composed in humane shape,  
Or bold *Trophonius* to decide our doubts,  
How knowst thou this?

*Aien.* Euen as I know the meanes,  
To worke your graces freedome and your loue:  
Had I the mind as many Courtiers haue,  
To creepe into your bosome for your coyne,  
And beg rewards for euery cap and knée,  
I then would say, if that your grace would giue  
This lease, this manor, or this pattennt seald,  
For this or that I would effect your loue:  
But *Aienkin* is no Parasite O Prince,  
I know your grace knowes schollers are but poore,  
And therefore as I blush to beg a fee,  
Your mightinesse is so magnificent  
You cannot chuse but cast some gift apart,

To



# The Scottish Historie

To ease my bashfull need that cannot beg,  
As for your loue, oh might I be imployd,  
How faithfully would *Atenkin* compasse it:  
But Princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,  
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

*K. of Scots. Aten.* If so thy name, for so thou saist,  
Thine Art appears in entrance of my loue:  
And since I deeme thy wisdom matcht with truth,  
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone  
Shalt be the Agent to dissolue my griefe.  
Sooth is, I loue, and *Ida* is my loue,  
But my new marriage nips me neare, *Atenkin*:  
For *Doritha* may not brooke th'abuse.

*Aten.* These lets are but as moaths against the sun,  
Yet not so great, like dust before the winde:  
Yet not so light. Tut pacifie your grace,  
You haue the sword and scepter in your hand,  
You are the King, the state depends on you:  
Your will is law, say that the case were mine,  
Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,  
She shou'd consent, for that our liues, our goods,  
Depend on you, and if your Queene repine,  
Although my nature cannot brooke of blood,  
And Schollers griue to heare of murtherous deeds,  
But if the Lambe should let the Lyons way,  
By my aduise the Lambe should lose her life.  
Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,  
Who am too base to kisse your royall feete,  
For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent,  
Nor countenance here in Court, but for my loue,  
Your Grace shall find none such within the realme.

*K. of S.* Wilt thou effect my loue, shal she be mine?

*Aten.* Ile gather Moly-rocus, and the earbes,  
That heales the wounds of body and the minde,  
Ile set out charmes and spels, nought else shal be left,



## of James the fourth.

To tame the wanton if she shall rebell,  
Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

*K. of S.* Thou shalt haue gold, honor and wealth inough,  
Winne my Loue, and I will make thee great.

*Aten.* These words do make me rich most noble Prince,  
I am more proude of them then any wealth,  
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,  
Beleeue me I would boldly publish this:  
Was neuer eye that sawe a sweeter face,  
Nor neuer eare that heard a deeper wir,  
Oh God how I am rauisht in your woorth.

*K. of S. Aten.* Follow me, loue must haue ease.

*Aten.* Ile kisse your highnesse feet, march when you please.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their billes readie  
written in their hands.*

*Andrew.* Stand back fir, mine shall stand highest.

*Slip.* Come vnder mine arme fir, or get a footstoolle,  
Or else by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

*Nano.* Agree my maisters, euery man to his height,  
Though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

*Anar.* Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes,  
As good lucke comes on the right hand, as the left:  
Here's for me, and me, and mine.

*Andr.* But tell me fellowes till better occasion come,  
Do you seeke maisters?

*Ambo.* We doo.

*Andr.* But what can you do worthie preferment?

*Nano.* Marry I can smell a knaue from a Rat.

*Slip.* And I can licke a dish before a Cat.

*Andr.* And I can finde two fooles vnfought,  
How like you that? (two?)

But in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you

*Slip.* How meane you that fir, of what trade?

Marry Ile tell you, I haue many trades,

C

The

# The Scottish Historie

The honest trade when I needs must,  
The filching trade when time serues,  
The Cousening trade as I finde occasion.  
And I haue more qualities, I cannot abide a ful cup vnkist,  
A fat Capon vncau'd,  
A full purse vnpickt,  
Nor a foole to prooue a Iustice as you do.

*Andr.* Why sot why callst thou me foole?

*Nano.* For examining wiser then thy selfe.

*Andr.* So doth many more then I in Scotland.

*Nano.* Yea those are such, as haue more authoritie then wit,  
And more wealth then honestie.

*Slip.* This is my little brother with the great wit, ware him,  
But what canst thou do, tel me, that art so inquisitiue of vs?

*Andr.* Any thing that concernes a gentleman to do, that can

*Slip.* So you are of the gentle trade? (I do.

*Andr.* True.

*Slip.* Then gentle sir, leaue vs to our selues,  
For heere comes one as if he would lack a seruant ere he went.

*Ent. Aten.* Why so *Ateukin*? this becomes thee best,  
Wealth, honour, ease, and angell'es in thy chest:

Now may I say, as many often sing,

No fishing to the sea, nor seruice to a king.

Vnto this high promotions doth belong,

Meanes to be talkt of in the thickest throng:

And first to fit the humors of my Lotd,

Sweete layes and lynes of loue I must record.

And such sweete lynes and louelayes ile endite:

As men may wish for, and my leech delight,

And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,

That men may say, the world doth run on wheeles.

For men of art, that rise by indirection,

To honour and the fauour of their King,

Must vse all meanes to saue what they haue got,

And win their fauours whom he neuer knew.

If any frowne to see my fortunes such,

A man



## of Iames the fourth.

A man must beare a little, not too much :  
But in good time these billes partend, I thinke,  
That some good fellowes do for seruice seeke.

*Read.* If any gentleman, spirituall or temperall, will entertaine out of his seruice, a young stripling of the age of 30. yeares, that can sleep with the soundest, eate with the hungriest, work with the sickest, lye with the lowdest, face with the preudest, &c. that can wait in a Gentlemans chamber, when his maister is a myle of, keepe his stable when tis emptie, and his purse when tis full, and hath many qualities woorse then all these, let him write his name and goe his way, and attendance shall be giuen.

*Aten.* By my faith a good seruant, which is he?

*Slip.* Trulie sir that am I?

*Aten.* And why doest thou write such a bill,  
Are all these qualities in thee?

*Slip.* O Lord I sir, and a great many more,  
Some better, some worse, some richer some poorer,  
Why sir do you looke so, do they not please you?

*Aten.* Trulie no, for they are naught and so art thou,  
If thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

*Slip.* O sir, I tell the worst first, but and you lack a man,  
I am for you, ile tell you the best qualities I haue.

*Aten.* Be breefe then.

*Slip.* If you need me in your chamber,  
I can keepe the doore at a whistle, in your kitchen,  
Turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the fire burne.  
But if in the stable.

*Sten.* Yea there would I vse thee.

*Slip.* Why there you kill me, there am I,  
And turne me to a horse & a wench, and I haue no peere.

*Aten.* Art thou so good in keeping a horse,  
I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

*Slip.* Why so sir, a horse hath two properties of a man,  
That is a proude heart, and a hardie stomacke,  
Foure properties of a Lyon, a broad brest, a stiffe docket,

# The Scottish Historie

Hold your nose master. A wild countenance, and 4. good legs.  
Nine properties of a Foxe, nine of a Hare, nine of an Ass, and  
And ten of a woman. (Horse)

*Aten.* A woman, why what properties of a woman hath a

*Slip.* O maister, know you not that?

Draw your tables, and write what wise I speake.

First a merry countenance.

Second, a soft pace.

Third, a broad forehead.

Fourth, broad buttockes.

Fift, hard of warde.

Sixt, easie to leape vpon.

Seuenth, good at long iourney.

Eight, mouing vnder a man.

Ninth, alway busie with the mouth.

Tenth. Euer chewing on the bridle.

*Aten.* Thou art a man for me, whats thy name?

*Slip.* An auncient name sir, belonging to the  
Chamber and the night gowne. Gesse you that.

*Aten.* Whats that, *Slipper*?

*Slip.* By my faith well gest, and so tis indeed:  
Youle be my maister?

*Aten.* I meane so.

*Slip.* Reade this first.

*Aten.* Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine  
A seruant of more wit then stature,

Let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.

What of this? (together,

*Slip.* He is my brother sir, and we two were borne  
Must serue together, and will die together,  
Though we be both hangd.

*Aten.* Whats thy name?

*Nano.* Nano.

*Aten.* The etimologie of which word, is a dwarfe:  
Art not thou the old stoykes son that dwels in his Tombe?

*Ambo*



## of Iames the fourth.

*Ambo.* We are.

*Aten.* Thou art welcome to me,  
Wilt thou giue thy selfe wholly to be at my disposition?

*Nano.* In all humilitie I submit my selfe.

*Aten.* Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee courtly,  
And present thee to the Queene as my gift.  
Art thou content?

*Nano.* Yes, and thanke your honor too.

*Slip.* Then welcome brother, and fellow now.

*Andr.* May it please your honor to abase your eye so lowe,  
As to looke either on my bill or my selfe.

*Aten.* What are you?

*An.* By birth a gentleman, in profession a scholler,  
And one that knew your honor in *Edenborongh*,  
Before your worthinesse cald you to this reputation.

By me *Andrew Snoord*.

*Aten.* *Andrew* I remember thee, follow me,  
And we will confer further, for my waightie affaires  
For the king, commands me to be brieft at this time.  
Come on *Nano*, *Slipper* follow.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *sir Bartram* with *Eustas* and others, booted.

*S. Bar.* But tell me louely *Eustas* as thou lou'st me,  
Among the many pleasures we haue past,  
Which is the rifest in thy memorie,  
To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend?

*Eu.* What makes *Sir Bartram* thus inquisitiue?  
Tell me good knight, am I welcome or no?

*Sir Bar.* By sweet *S. Andrew* and may sale I sweare,  
As welcom is my honest *Dick* to me,  
As mornings sun, or as the watry moone,  
In merkest night, when we the borders track.  
I tell thee *Dick*, thy sight hath cleerd my thoughts,  
Of many banefull troubles that there woond.  
Welcome to *sir Bartram* as his life:

# The Scottish Historie

Tell me bonny *Dicke*, hast got a wife?

*Enst.* A wife God shield sir *Bartram*, that were ill  
To leaue my wife and wander thus astray:  
But time and good aduise ere many yeares,  
May chance to make my fancie bend that way,  
What newes in *Scotland*? therefore came I hither:  
To see your Country, and to chat together.

*Sir Bar.* Why man our Countries blyth, our king is well,  
Our Queene so, so, the Nobles well, and worse  
And weele are they that were about the king,  
But better are the Country Gentlemen.  
And I may tell thee *Enstace*, in our liues,  
We old men neuer saw so wondrous change:  
But leaue this trattle, and tell me what newes,  
In louely England with our honest friends?

*Enst.* The king, the Court, and all our noble frends  
Are well, and God in mercy keepe them so.  
The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts,  
That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,  
Commends them to my honest friend sir *Bartram*,  
And many others that I haue not seene:  
Among the rest, the Countesse *Elinor* from *Carlile*  
Where we merry oft haue bene,  
Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me,  
By message this faire Ladies face to see.

*Sir Bar.* I tell thee *Enstace*, lest mine old eyes daze,  
This is our Scottish moone and euening's pride:  
This is the blemish of your English Bride:  
Who sailes by her, are sure of winde at will.  
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill:  
And yet in sooth sweet *Dicke*, it may be said,  
The king hath folly, their's vertue in the mayd.

*Enst.* But knows my friend this portrait, be aduised?

*Sir Bar.* Is it not *Ida* the Countesse of *Arains* daughters?

*Enst.*



## of Iames the fourth.

*Enst.* So was I told by *Elinor* of *Carlisle*,  
But tell me louely *Bartram*, is the maid euil inclin'd,  
Misl'd, or Concubine vnto the King or any other  
*Ba.* Shuld I be brief & true, the thus my *Dicke*, (Lord)  
All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Lasse.  
Nor *Europ* can art her for her gifts,  
Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest:  
But our fōd king not knowing sin in lust,  
Makes loue by endlesse meanes and precious gifts,  
And men that see it dare not sayt my friend,  
But wee may wish that it were otherwise:  
But I rid thee to view the picture still,  
For by the persons sights there hangs som ill.

*Ba.* Oh good sir *Bartram*, you suspect I loue,  
Then were I mad, hee whom I neuer sawe,  
But how so ere, I feare not entisings,  
Desire will giue no place vnto a king:  
He see her whom the world admires so much,  
That I may say with them, there liues none such.

*Bar.* Be Gad and sal, both see and talke with her,  
And when th' hast done, what ere her beautie be,  
He wartant thee her vertues may compare,  
With the proudest she that wals vpon your Queen.

*En.* My Ladie intreats your Wership in to supper.

*Ba.* Guid bony *Dick*, my wife will tel thee more,  
Was neuer no man in her booke before:  
Be Gad shees blyth, faire lewely, bony, &c.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act, to  
them a rownd of Fairies, or some prittie dance.*

*Bob.* Be Gad gramers little king for this,  
This sport is better in my exile life,  
Then euer the deceitfuil world could yeeld.

*Ober.* I tell thee *Bohan*, *Oberon* is king,

Of

# The Scottish Historie

Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,  
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world,  
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to one,  
Live thou in this life, exilde from world and men,  
And I will shew thee wouters ere we part,

*Bob.* Then marke my stay, and the strange doubts,  
That follow flatterers, lust and lawlesse will,  
And then say I have reason to forsake the world,  
And all that are within the same.  
Gow shrowd vs in our harbor where we cle see,  
The pride of folly, as it ought to be.

*Exeunt.*

*After the first act.*

*Ober.* Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg,  
And meanes to paint the worldes in constant waies  
But turne thine ene, see which for I can command.

*Enter two battailes strongly fighting, the one Simi Rarus, the  
other, Staurobates, she flies, and her Crowne is taken,  
and she hurt.*

*Bob.* What ga's this din of mirk and balefull harme,  
Where every weane is all betaint with bloud?

*Ober.* This shewes thee *Bohan* what is worldly pompe.  
*Simeranus*, the proud *Assirian* Queene,  
When *Ninus* died, did rene in her warres,  
Three millions of footemen to the fight,  
Five hundreth thousand horse, of armed chars,  
A hundreth thousand more yet in her pride  
Was hurt and conquered by *S. Taurobates*.  
Then what is pompe?

*Bohan.* I see thou art thine ene.  
Thou bonny King, if Princes fail from high,  
My fall is past, vntill I fall to die.  
Now marke my talke, and prosecute my gyg.

2.

*Ober.* How shu'd these crafts withdraw thee from the world?  
*But*



## of Iames the fourth.

But looke my *Bohan*, pompe allureth.

*Enter Cyrus king, humbling themselves: himselfe crowned by  
Oliue Pat, at last dying, layde in a marbell tombe with this  
inscription*

Who so thou bee that passest,  
For I know one shall passe, knowe I  
I am *Cyrus of Persia*,  
And I prithee leaue me not thus like a clod of clay  
Wherewith my body is couered.

*Allexeunt.*

*Enter the king in great pompe, who reads it, & issueth,  
crieth vermenum.*

*Boha.* What meaneth this?

*Ober.* *Cyrus of Persia*,  
Mightie in life, within a marbell graue,  
Was layde to rot, whom *Alexander* once  
Beheld in tombde, and weeping did confesse  
Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse:  
Why then boast men?

*Boh.* What recke I then of life,  
Who makes the graue my tomb, the earth my wife:  
But marke mee more.

3.  
*Boh.* I can no more, my patience will not warpe.  
To see these flatteries how they scorne and carpe.

*Ober.* Turne but thy head.

*Enter our kings carrying Crowns, Ladies presenting odors  
to Potentates in thronde, who suddainly is slaine  
by his seruants, and thrust out, and so they eate.*

*Exeunt.*

Sike is the world, but whilke is he I sawe.

*Ober.* *Sesestris* who was conquerour of the world,  
Slaine at the last, and stamp't on by his slaues.

*Boh.* How blest are peur men then that know their  
Now marke the sequell of my Gig. (graue,

D

An

# The Scottish Historie

*Bob.* An he weele meete ends: the mirk and sable night  
Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroad,  
Thou nill me stay, haile then thou pride of kings,  
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things,  
Marke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles  
The loathe of sinnes, and where corruption dwells  
Haile me ne mere with shewes of gudlie sights:  
My graue is mine, that rids me from dispights.  
Accept my gig guid King, and let me rest,  
The graue with guid men, is a gay built nest.

*Ober.* The rising sunne doth call me hence away,  
Thankes for thy gyg, I may no longer stay:  
But if my traine, did wake thee from thy rest,  
So shall they sing, thy lullabie to nest.

*Actus Secundus. Schena Prima.*

*Enter the Countesse of Arrain, with Ida her daughter  
in theyr porch, sitting at worke.*

*A song.*

*Count.* Faire Ida, might you chuse the greatest good  
Midst all the world, in blessings that abound:  
Wherein my daughter shuld your liking be?

*Ida.* Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie.

*Count.* And why?

*Ida.* Since these are meanes to draw the minde  
From perfect good, and make true iudgement blind.

*Count.* Might you haue wealth, and fortunes ritchest store?

*Ida.* Yet would I (might I chuse) be honest poore.  
For she that sits at fortunes feete alowe  
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe.

But those that prancke one top of fortunes ball,  
Still feare a change: and fearing catch a fall. (need.

*Count.* Tut foolish maide, each one contemneth

*Ida.* Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

*Count.* Many marrie then, on whom distresse doth leure;

*Ida.* Yes.



## of Iames the fourth.

*Ida.* Yes they that vertue deeme an honest dowre.  
Madame, by right this world I may compare,  
Vnto my worke, wherein with heedfull care,  
The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,  
As I with needle drawe each thing one land,  
Euen as hee list, some men like to the Rose,  
Are fashioned fresh, some in their stalkes do close,  
And borne do suddaine die: some are but weeds,  
And yet from them a secret good proceeds:  
I with my needle if I please may blot,  
The fairest rose within my cambricke plot,  
God with a becke can change each worldly thing,  
The poore to earth, the begger to the king.  
What then hath man, wherein hee well may boast,  
Since by a becke he liues, a louer is lost?

*Enter Eustace with letters.*

*Count.* Peace *Ida*, heere are straungers neare at hand.

*Eust.* Madame God speed.

*Count.* I thanke you gentle squire.

*Eust.* The countrie Countesse of *Northumberland*,  
Doth greeete you well, and hath requested mee,  
To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

*He carries the letter.*

*Count.* I thanke her honour, and your selfe my friend.

*Shee receiues and peruseth them.*

I see she meanes you good braue Gentleman,  
Daughter, the Ladie *Elinor* salutes  
Your selfe as well as mee, then for her sake  
T'were good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

*Ida.* As much salute as may become my sex,  
And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,  
I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.  
Good sir sit downe, my mother heere and I,  
Count time mispent, an endlesse vanitie.

*Eust.* Beyond report, the wit, the faire, the shape,

# The Scottish historie

What worke you heere, faire Mistresse may I see it?

*Id.* Good Sir looke on, how like you this compact?

*Eust.* Me thinks in this I see true loue in act:

The Woodbines with their leaues do sweetly spred,

The Roses blushing prancke them in their red,

No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring,

This bird hath life indeed if it could sing:

What meanes faire Mistres had you in this worke?

*Ida.* My needle sir.

*Eust.* In needles then there lurkes,

Some hidden grace I deeme beyond my reach.

*Id.* Not grace in the good sir, but those that reach.

*Eust.* Say that your needle now were *Cupids* sting,

But ah her eie must bee no lesse,

In which is heauen and heauenlinesse,

In which the foode of God is shut,

Whose powers the purest mindes do glut.

*Ida.* What if it were?

*Eust.* Then see a wondrous thing,

I feare mee you would paint in *Teneus* heart,

Affection in his power and chiefeft parts.

*Ida.* Good Lord sir no, for hearts but pricked soft,

Are wounded sore, for so I heare it oft.

*Eust.* what reckes the second,

Where but your happy eye,

May make him liue, whom *Ioue* hath iudgd to die.

*Ida.* Should life & death within this needle lurke,

He pricke no hearts, He pricke vpon my worke.

*Enter Atenken, with Slipper the Clowne.*

*Conn.* Peace *Ida*, I perceiue the fox at hand.

*Eust.* The fox? why fetch your hounds & chace him hence.

*Conn.* Oh sir these great men barke at small offence.

*Aten.* Come will it please you to enter gentle sir?

*Offer to exeunt.*

Stay courteous Ladies, fauour me so much,

As



## of James the fourth.

As to discourse a word or two apart.

*Count.* Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of mee,  
To shun resort, and straungers companie:  
For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,  
Some such as you too good, because our betters.

*Slip.* Now I pray you sir what a kin are you to a pickrell?

*Aien.* Why knaue?

*Slip.* By my troth sir, because I neuer knew a proper scitua-  
tion fellow of your pitch, fitter to swallow a gudgin.

*Aien.* What meanst thou by this?

*Slip.* Shifting fellow sir, these be thy words, shifting fellow:  
This Gentlewoman I feare me, knew your bringing vp.

*Aien.* How so?

*Slip.* Why sir your father was a Miller,  
That could shift for a pecke of grist in a bushell,  
And you a faire spoken Gentleman, that can get more land by  
a lye, then an honest man by his readie mony.

*Aien.* Carue what sayest thou?

*Slip.* I say sir, that if shee call you shifting knaue,  
You shall not put her to the prooffe.

*Aien.* And why?

*Slip.* Because sir, liuing by your wit as you doo shifting, is  
your letters pattents, it were a hard matter for mee to get my  
dinner that day, wherein my Maister had not solde a dozen of  
deuices, a case of cogges, and a shute of shifts in the morning:  
I speak this in your commendation sir, & I pray you so take it.

*Aien.* If I lue knaue I will bee reuenged, what Gentleman  
would entertaine a rascall, thus to derogate from his honour?

*Ida.* My Lord why are you thus impatient?

*Aien.* Not angrie *Ida*, but I teach this knaue,  
How to behaue himselfe among his betters:  
Behold faire Countesse to assure your stay,  
I heere present the signet of the king,  
Who now by mee faire *Ida* doth salute you:  
And since in secret I haue certaine things,

# The Scottish Historie

In his behalfe good Madame to impart,  
I craue your daughter to discourse a part.

*Count.* Shee shall in humble dutie bee addrest,  
To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

*Id.* Now gentle sir what would his grace with me?

*Aten.* Faire comely Nymph, the beautie of your face,  
Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,  
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late  
Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue,  
And though his power and Maiestie requires,  
A straight commaund before an humble sute,  
Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase,  
As to intreat your fauour honest maid.

*Ida.* Is hee not married sir vnto our Queen?

*Aten.* Hee is.

*Ida.* And are not they by God accurst,  
That seuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

*Aten.* They bee: what then? wee seeke not to displace  
The Princesse from her seate, but since by loue  
The king is made your owne, shee is resolute  
In priuate to accept your dalliance,  
In spight of warre, watch, or worldly eye.

*Ida.* Oh how hee talkes as if hee should not die,  
As if that God in iustice once could winke,  
Vpon that fault I am a sham'd to thinke.

*Aten.* Tut Mistresse, man at first was born to erre,  
Women are all not formed to bee Saints:  
Tis impious for to kill our natiue king,  
Whom by a little fauour wee may saue.

*Ida.* Better then liue vnchaste, to liue in graue.

*Aten.* Hee shall erect your state & wed you well.

*Ida.* But can his warrant keep my soule from hell?

*Aten.* He will inforce, if you resist his sute.

*Id.* What tho, the world may shame to him account  
To bee a king of men and worldly pelfe.

*Aten.* Yet



## of James the fourth.

*Aten.* Yet hath to power no rule and guide himselfe,  
I know you gentle Ladie and the care,  
Both of your honour and his graces health,  
Makes me confused in this daungerous state.

*Ida.* So counsell him, but sooth thou not his sinne,  
Tis vaine alurement that doth make him loue,  
I shame to heare, bee you a shame to moue,

*Count.* I see my daughter growes impatient,  
I feare me hee pretends some bad intent.

*Aten.* Will you dispise the king, & scorne him so?

*Ida.* In all alleageance I will serue his grace,  
But not in lust, oh how I blush to name it?

*Aten.* An' endlesse worke is this, how should I frame it?

*They discourse priuately.*

*Slip.* Oh Mistresse may I turne a word vpon you.

*Aten.* Friend what wilt thou?

*Slip.* Oh what a happie Gentlewoman bee you trulie, the  
world reports this of you Mistresse, that a man can no sooner  
come to your house, but the Butler comes with a blacke Iack  
and sayes welcome friend, heeres a cup of the best for you, ve-  
rilie Mistresse you are said to haue the best Ale in al Scotland.

*Count.* Sirrha go fetch him drinke, how likest thou this?

*Slip.* Like it Mistresse? why this is quincy quarie pepper  
de watchet, single goby, of all that euer I tasted: Ile prooue in  
this Ale and tost, the compasse of the whole world. First this  
is the earth, it lies in the middle a faire browne tost, a goodly  
countrie for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon: next this is the sea,  
a fair poole for a drie tōgue to fish in: now come I, & seing the  
world is naught, I diuide it thus, & because the sea cannot stand  
without the earth, as *Arist.* saith, I put the both into their first

*Chaos.*

# The Scottish Historie

*Chaos* which is my bellie, and so mistresse you may see your ale  
is become a myracle.

*Enstace.* A merrie mate Madame I promise you.

*Count.* Why sigh you sirrah?

*Slip.* Trulie Madam, to think vppon the world, which since  
I denouiced, it keepe such a rumbling in my stomack, that vn-  
lesse your Cooke giue it a counterbuffe with some of your ro-  
sted Capons or beefe, I feare me I shal become a loose body, so  
daintie I thinke, I shall neither hold fast before nor behinde.

*Count.* Go take him in and feast this merrie swaine,  
Syrha, my cooke is your phisitian.

He hath a purge for to disiect the world.

*Aten.* Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

*Ida.* As I haue said, in dutie I am his:

For other lawlesse lusts, that ill beseme him,  
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.

*Count.* *Ida* come in, and sir if so you please,  
Come take a homelic widdowes intertaine.

*Ida.* If he haue no great haste, he may come nye.  
If haste, tho he be gone, I will not crie.

*Exeunt.*

*Aten.* I see this labour lost, my hope in vaine,  
Yet will I trie an other drift againe.

*Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas,  
Morton, with others, one way, the Queene with  
Dwarfes an other way.*

*B.S. Andr.* Oh wrack of Cōmon-weale! Oh wretched state!

*Doug.* Oh haplesse flocke whereas the guide is blinde?

*They all are in a muse.*

*Mort.* Oh heedlesse youth, where counsaile is dispis'd.

*Dorot.* Come prettie knaue, and prank it by my side.  
Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

*Dwarfe.* Madame altho my lims are very small,  
My heart is good, ile serue you therewithall.

*Doro.* How if I were assaild, what couldst thou do?

*Dwarffe.*



## of Iames the fourth.

*Dwarf.* Madame call helpe, and boldly fight it to,  
Altho a Bee be but a litle thing :

You know faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

*Dor.* How couldst thou do me good were I in greefe?

*Dwar.* Counsell deare Princes, is a choyce releefe:  
Tho *Nestor* wanted force, great was his wit,  
And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

*S. And.* Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,  
Tost in the doubtfull streame without a helme,  
Such is a Monarke without good aduice,  
I am ore heard, cast raine vpon thy tongue,  
*Andrewes* beware, reproofe will breed a scar.

*Mor.* Good day my Lord.

*B.S. And.* Lord *Morton* well ymet:  
Whereon deemes Lord *Douglas* all this while?

*Dou.* Of that which yours and my poore heart doth breakes  
Altho feare shuts our mouths we dare not speake.

*Dor.* What meane these Princes sadly to consult?  
Somewhat I feare, betideth them amisse,  
They are so pale in lookes, so vext in minde :  
In happie houre the Noble Scottish Peeres  
Haue I incountred you, what makes you mourne?

*B.S. And.* If we with patience may attentive gaine,  
Your Grace shall know the cause of all our griefe.

*Dor.* Speake on good father, come and sit by me :  
I know thy care is for the common good.

*B.S. And.* As fortune mightie Princes reareth some,  
To high estate, and place in Common-weale,  
So by diuine bequest to them is lent,  
A riper iudgement and more searching eye :  
Whereby they may discerne the common harme,  
For where importunes in the world are most,  
Where all our profits rise and still increase,  
There is our minde, thereon we meditate,  
And what we do partake of good aduice,

E

That

# The Scottish Historie

That we imploy for to concerne the same.)  
To this intent these nobles and my selfe,  
That are (or should bee) eyes of Common-weale,  
Seeing his highnesse reachlesse course of youth  
His lawlesse and vnbridled vaine in loue,  
His to intentiue trust too flatterers,  
His abiect care of counsell and his friendes,  
Cannot but greeue, and since we cannot drawe  
His eye or Iudgement to discern his faults  
Since we haue spake and counsaile is not heard,  
I for my part, (let others as they list)  
Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will:  
Least with a ruthfull eye I should behold,  
His ouerthrow which sore I feare is nye.

*Doro.* Ah father are you so estranged from loue,  
From due alleageance to your Prince and land,  
To leaue your King when most he needs your help,  
The thriftie husbandmen, are neuer woont  
That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forsake them:  
But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,  
They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte:  
The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne,  
In calmer waues the sillie sailer struiues,  
Are you not members Lords of Common-weale,  
And can your head, your deere annointed King,  
Default ye Lords, except your selues do faile?  
Oh stay your steps, returne and counsaile him.

*Dong.* Men seek not mosse vpon a rowling stone,  
Or water from the siue, or fire from yce:  
Or comfort from a rechelesse monarkes hands.  
Madame he sets vs light that seru'd in Court,  
In place of credit in his fathers dayes,  
If we but enter presence of his grace,  
Our payment is a frowne, a scoffe, a frumpe,  
Whilst flattering *Gnato* prancks it by his side,

*Soothling*



## of Iames the fourth.

Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds,  
And if your grace confider your estate,  
His life should vrge you too if all be true.

*Doug.* Why *Douglas* why?

*Doug.* As if you haue not heard  
His lawlesse loue to *Ida* growne of late,  
His carelesse estimate of your estate.

*Doro.* Ah *Douglas* thou misconstrest his intent,  
He doth but tempt his wife, he tryees my loue:  
This iniurie pertaines to me, not to you.  
The King is young, and if he ste p awrie,  
He may amend, and I will loue him still.  
Shou'd we disdaine our vines becauso they sprout  
Before their time? or young men if they straine  
Beyōd their reach? no vines that bloome and spread  
Do promise fruites, and young men that are wilde,  
In age growe wise, my freendes and Scottish Peeres,  
If that an English Princessse may preuaile,  
Stay, stay with him, lo how my zealous prayer  
Is plead with teares, fie Peeres will you hence?

*S. And.* Madam tis vertue in your grace to plead,  
But we that see his vaine vntoward course,  
Cannot but flie the fire before it burne,  
And shun the Court before we see his fall.

*Doro.* Wil you not stay? then Lordings fare you well.  
Tho you forsake your King, the heauens I hope  
Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer.

*Dwar.* Content you Madam, thus old *Omd* sings.  
Tis foolish to bewaile recurelesse things.

*Dorothea.* Peace Dwarfie, these words my patience moue.

*Dwar.* All tho you charme my speech, charme not my loue

*Exeunt Namo Dorothea.*

*Enter the King of Scots, Arius, the nobles spying  
him, returnes.*

*K. of S.* *Douglas* how now? why changest thou thy cheere?

E 2

*Douglas.*

# The Scottish Historie

*Dougl.* My priuate troubles are so great my liege,  
As I must craue your licence for a while :  
For to intend mine owne affaires at home. *Exit.*

*King.* You may depart, but why is *Morton* sad ?

*Mor.* The like occasion doth import me too,  
So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.

*K. of S.* Well sir you may betake you to your ease,  
When such grim syrs are gone, I see no let  
To worke my will.

*S. Atten.* What like the Eagle then,  
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose?  
O King canst thou indure to see thy Court,  
Of finest wits and Iudgements dispossesse,  
Whilst cloking craft with soothing climbs so high,  
As each bewailes ambition is so bad?

Thy father left thee with estate and Crowne,  
A learned councell to direct thy Court,  
These careleslie O King thou castest off,  
To entertaine a traine of Sicophants :  
Thou well mai'st see, although thou wilt not see,  
That euery eye and eare both sees and heares  
The certaine signes of thine inconstinence :  
Thou art alyed vnto the English King,  
By marriage a happie friend indeed,  
If vsed well, if not a mightie foe.

Thinketh your grace he can indure and brooke,  
To haue a partner in his daughters loue ?  
Thinketh your grace the grudge of priuie wrongs  
Will not procure him chaunge his smiles to threats ?  
Oh be not blinde to good, call home your Lordes,  
Displace these flattering Gnatoes, driue them hence :  
Loue and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife.  
Or else (which God forbid) I feare a change,  
Sinne cannot thriue in courts without a plague.

*K. of S.* Go pack thou too, vnles thou med thy talk :  
On



## of Iames the fourth.

On paine of death proud Bishop get you gone,  
Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

*S. Atten.* Thou god of heauē preuent my countries

*Exeunt.* (fall.

*K. of S.* These staies and lets to pleasure, plague  
Forcing my greuous wounds a new to bleed: (my thoughts,  
Bur care that hath transported me so farre,  
Fairst *Ida* is disperst in thought of thee:  
Whose answer yeeldes me life, or breeds my death:  
Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe.

*Enter Gualo.*

*Atenkin* What newes?

*Aten.* The adamant o King will not be filde,  
But by it selfe, and beautie that exceeds,  
By some exceeding fauour must be wrought,  
*Ida* is coy as yet, and doth repine,  
Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death,  
Shee's holy, wise, and too precise for me.

*K. of S.* Are these thy fruites of wits, thy sight in  
Thine eloquence? thy pollicie? thy drift? (Art?  
To mocke thy Prince, the cative packe thee hence,  
And let me die deuoured in my loue.

*Aten.* Good Lord how rage gainsayeth reasons power,  
My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,  
The essence of my sute, my God on earth,  
Sit downe and rest your selfe, appease your wrath,  
Least with a frowne yee wound me to the death:  
Oh that I were included in my graue,  
That cyther now to saue my Princes life,  
Must counsell crueltie, or loose my King.

*K. of S.* Why sirrha, is there meanes to mooue her mind?

*Aten.* Oh should I not offend my royall liege.

*K. of S.* Tell all, spare nought, so I may gaine my loue.

*Aten.* Alasse my soule why art thou torne in twaine,  
For feare thou talke a thing that should displease?

# The Scottish Historie

*K. of S.* Tut, speake what so thou wilt I pardon thee.

*Aten.* How kinde a word, how courteous is his  
Who would not die to succour such a king? (grace:  
My liege, this louely mayde of modest minde,  
Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares,  
Fairst *Dorothea* power, your grace doth know,  
Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue:  
Were *Ida* sure to bee your wedded wife,  
That then the twig would bowe, you might com-  
Ladies loue, presents pompe and high estate. (mand.

*K. of S.* Ah *Atenkin*, how shuld we display this let?

*Aten.* Tut mightie Prince, oh that I might bee

*K. of S.* Why dalliest thou? whist.

*Aten.* I will not mooue my Prince,  
I will preferre his safetie before my life:  
Heare mee o king, tis *Dorothea* death,  
Must do you good.

*K. of S.* What, murther of my Queene?  
Yet to enioy my loue, what is my Queene?  
Oh but my vowe and promise to my Queene:  
I but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene,  
With how contrarious thoughts am I with drawne?  
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare:  
If *Dorothea* die, will *Ida* loue?

*Aten.* Shee will my Lord,

*K. of S.* Then let her die.  
Deuise, aduise the meanes,  
Al likes me wel that lends me hope in loue. (worke:

*Aten.* What will your grace consent, then let mee  
Theres heere in Court a Frenchman *Iagues* calde,  
A fit performer of our enterprise,  
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt,  
To slaye the Queene, so that your grace will seale  
A warrant for the man to saue his life. (signe

*K. of S.* Nought shall he want, write thou and I wil  
And gentle *Gualo*, if my *Ida* yeelde,

Thou



## of Iames the fourth.

Thou shalt haue what thou wilt, Ile giue the straight,  
A Barrony, an Earledome for reward.

*Aten.* Frolicke young king, the Lasse shall bee your owne,  
Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bohan with Obiron.*

3. *Act.*

*Bob.* So *Oberon*, now it be ginnes to worke in kinde,  
The auncient Lords by leauing him aliue,  
Disliking of his humors and respight,  
Lets him run headlong till his flatterers,  
Sweeting his thoughts of lucklesse lust,  
With vile perswasions and al'uring words,  
Makes him make way by murther to his will,  
Iudge faime king, hast heard a greater ill?

*Ober.* Nor send more vertue in a countrie mayd,  
I tell the *Bohan* it doth make me merrie,  
To thinke the deeds the king meanes to performe.

*Boha.* To change that humour stand and see the rest,  
I trow my sonne *Slipper* will shewes a iest.

*Enter Slipper with a companion, bog, or wench, dauncing a  
hornpipe, and daunce out againe.*

*Boha.* Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,  
And changing them from sad to better glee,  
Lets to our sell, and sit and see thee rest,  
For I belecue this lig will proue no iest.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus Actus 3. Skena Prima.*

*Enter Slipper one way, and S. Bartram another way.*

*Bar.* Ho fellow, stay and let me speake with thee.

*Slip.* Fellow, frend thou doest disbule me, I am a Gent'leman.

*Bar.* A Gentleman, how so?

*Slip.* Why I rub horses sir.

*Bar.* And what of that?

*Slip.* Oh simple witted, marke my reason, they that do good  
seruice in the Common-weale are Gentlemen, but such as rub  
horses

# The Scottish historie

horses do good seruice in the Common-weale, Ergo tarbox  
Maister Courtier, a Horse-keeper is a Gentleman.

*Bar.* Heere is ouermuch wit in good earnest:  
But sirrha where is thy Maister?

*Slip.* Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground,  
Drawing out red into white,  
Swallowing that downe without chawing,  
That was neuer made without treading.

*Bar.* Why where is hee then?

*Slip.* Why in his seller, drinking a cup of neate and briske  
claret, in a boule of siluer: Oh sir the wine runnes trillill down  
his throat, which cost the poore vittnerd many a stampe be-  
fore it was made: but I must hence sir, I haue haste.

*Bar.* [Why whither now I prithee?

*Slip.* Faith sir, to Sir *Siluester* a Knight hard by, vppon my  
Maisters arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the lease of  
*Est Spring* shall bee confirmed, and therefore must I bid him  
prouide trash, for my Maister is no friend without mony.

*Bar.* This is the thing for which I sued so long,  
This is the lease which I by *Gnatoes* meanes,  
Sought to possesse by pattent from the King:  
But hee iniurious man, who liues by crafts,  
And selles kings fauours for who will giue most,  
Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couertly  
Will sell away the thing pertaines to mee:  
But I haue found a present helpe I hope,  
For to preuent his purpose and deceit:  
Stay gentle friend.

*Slip.* A good word, thou haste won me,  
This word is like a warme candle to a colde stomacke.

*Bar.* Sirra wilt thou for mony and reward,  
Conuay me certaine letters out of hand,  
From out thy maisters pocket.

*Slip.* Will I sir, why, were it to rob my father, hang  
my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your



## of James the fourth.

Commaundement fir, what will you giue me fir?

*S. Bar.* A hundreth pounds.

*Slip.* I am your man, giue me earnest, I am dead at a pocket fir, why I am a lifter maister, by my occupation.

*S. Bar.* A lifter, what is that?

*Slip.* Why fir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse alsoone as any theefe in my countrie.

*S. Bar.* Why fellow hold, heere is earnest,  
Ten pound to assure thee, go dispatch,  
And bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou seest,  
And assure thy selfe thou shalt both haue  
Thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony.

*Slip.* I will fir. Now roome for a Gentleman, my maisters,  
who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new  
Angell?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Andrew and Purueyer.*

*Pur.* Sirrha, I must needes haue your maisters horses,  
The king cannot bee vserved.

*And.* Sirrha you must needs go without them,  
Because my Maister must be serued.

*Pur.* Why I am the kings Purueyer,  
And I tell thee I will haue them.

*And.* I am *Atenkins* seruant, Signior *Andrew*,  
And I say thou shalt not haue them.

*Pur.* Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darst.

*And.* There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darst.

*Pur.* Sirrha, sirrha, tame your tongue, least I make you.

*And.* Sirrha, sirrha, hold your hand, least I bum you.

*Pur.* I tell thee, thy Maisters geldings are good,  
And therefore fit for the king.

*An.* I tell thee, my Maisters horses haue gald backes,  
And therefore cannot fit the King.

*Purueyr, Purueyer,* puruey thee of more wit, darst thou pre-  
sume to wrong my Lord *Atenkins*, being the chiefeft man in  
Court.

F.

*Pur.* The

# The Scottish Historie

*Pur.* The more vnhappye Common-weale,  
Where flatterers are chiefe in Court.

*And.* What sayest thou?

*Pur.* I say thou art too presumptuous,  
And the officers shall schoole thee.

*And.* A figge for them and thee Purueyer,  
They seeke a knot in a ring, that would wrong  
My maister or his seruants in this Court.

*Enter Iaques.*

*Pur.* The world is at a wise passe,  
When Nobilitie is a fraid of a flatterer.

*Iaq.* Sirrha, what be you that parley, contra Monsieur my  
Lord *Atenkin*, *en bonne foy*, prate you against syr *Altesse*, mee  
maka your test to leap from your shoulders, per ma foy cy fe-  
re ie.

*And.* Oh signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe a forward  
and friendly Gentleman in my Maisters behalfe, I will cause  
him to thanke you.

*Iaq.* *Pouliron* speake me one parola against my bon Gen-  
tilhome, I shal estrampe your guttes, and thumpe your backe,  
that you no poynt mannage this tenne ours.

*Pur.* Sirrha come open me the stable,  
And let mee haue the horses:  
And fellow, for all your French bragges I will doo my dutie.

*And.* Ile make garters of thy guttes,  
Thou villaine if thou enter this office.

*Iaq.* Mort lieu, take me that cappa  
Pour nostre labour, be gone villain in the mort.

*Pur.* What will you resist mee then?  
Well the Councell fellow, Shall know of y our insolency.

*Exit.*

*Andr.* Tell them what thou wilt, and care that I can best  
spare



## of Iames the fourth.

spare from my backe partes , and get you gone with a vengeance.

*Enter Gnato.*

*Aten. Andrew.*

*Andr. Sir.*

*Aten. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night.*

*Andr. Which sir, your annoations vpon Matchauell?*

*Aten. No sir, the letters pattents for east spring.*

*An. Why sir you talk wonders to me, if you ask that questiō.*

*Aten. Yea sir, and wil work wonders too , which you vnlesse you finde them out, villaine search me them out and bring thē me, or thou art but dead.*

*Andr. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master were you in your right wits yesternight?*

*Aten. Doest thou doubt it?*

*Andr. I and why not sir, for the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest, and a foole may dance in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock: besides such as giue themselues to Plulantia, as you do maister, are so cholericke of complection , that that which they burne in fire ouer night , they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah I take care of your worship, this common-weale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.*

*Aten. Thou flatterest me.*

*Andr. Is it flatterie in me sir to speake you faire? What is it then in you to dallie with the King?*

*Aten. Are you prating knaue,  
I will teach you better nurture?  
Is this the care you haue of my wardrop?  
Of my accounts, and matters of trust?*

*Andr. Why alasfe sir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited, as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them , but since you are growne greater and your Garments more fine and gaye,*

# The Scottish Historie

if your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride,  
and commend my cleanlinesse : as for your writings, I am not  
for them, nor they for mee.

*Ateu.* Villaine go, flie, finde them out:  
If thou loofest them, thou loofest my credit.

*And.* Alasse sir? can I loose that you neuer had.

*Ateu.* Say you so, then hold feel you that you neuer

*Ia.* Oh Monsieur, aies patient, pardon your pouure (felt.  
Me bee at your commaundement. (vallet,

*Ateu.* Signior *Iagues* wel met, you shall commaund me,  
Sirra go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market place,  
Promise a great reward to them that findes them,  
Looke where I supt and euery where.

*And.* I will sir, now are two knaues well met, and three well  
parted, if you conceiue mine enigma, Gentlemen what shal I  
bee then, faith a plaine harpe shilling. *Exeunt.*

*Ateu.* *Sient Iagues*, this our happy meeting hides,  
Your friends and me, of care and greuous toyle,  
For I that looke into deserts of men,  
And see among the souldiers in this court,  
A noble forward minde, and iudge thereof,  
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raise them vp:  
Who meritt credite in the Common-weale.  
To this intent friend *Iague* I haue found  
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd  
Both with the king, and with the best in Court:  
For I espie in you a valiant minde,  
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you:  
To this intent (if so your trust and faith,  
Your secrecie be equall with your force)  
I will impart a seruice to thy selfe,  
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,  
And what or hee, and I with him can worke,

Shall



## of Iames the fourth.

Shall be imployd in what thou wilt desire.

*Iaq.* Me sweara by my ten bones, my singniar, to be loyal to your Lordships intents, affaires, ye my monsignieur, *qui non fera ic pour*. Yea pleasure?

By my sworda me be no babie Lords.

*Aten.* Then hoping one thy truth, I prithe see,  
How kinde *Atenkin* is to forward mee,  
Hold take this earnest pennie of my loue.

And marke my words, the King by me requires,  
No slender seruice *Iaques* at thy hands.

Thou must by priuie practise make a way,  
The Queene faire *Dorethea* as she sleepes:  
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:

Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

*Iaq.* Stabba the woman, per ma foy, monsignieur, me thrusta  
my weapon into her belle, so me may be gard per le roy.  
Mee de your seruice.

But me no be hanged pur my labor.

*Aten.* Thou shalt haue warrant *Iaques* from the King,  
None shall outface, gainsay and wrong my friend.

Do not I loue thee *Iaques*? feare not then,  
I tell thee who so toucheth thee in ought,  
Shall iniure me, I loue, I tender thee:

Thou art a subiect fit to serue his grace,  
*Iaques*, I had a written warrant once,  
But that by great misfortune late is lost,  
Come wend we to *S. Andrewes*, where his grace  
Is now in progresse, where he shall assure  
Thy safetie, and confirme thee to the act.

*Iaques.* We will attend your noblenesse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter sir Bartram, Dorothea, the Queene,  
Nane, Lord Ross. Ladies  
attendants.*

# The Scottish historie

*Doro.* Thy credite *Bartram* in the Scottish Court,,  
Thy reuerend yeares, the stricknesse of thy vowes,  
All these are meanes sufficient to perswade,  
But loue the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts,  
That hath possession of my constant minde,  
Exiles all dread, subdueth vaine suspect,  
Me thinks no craft should harbour in that brest,  
Where Maiestie and vertue is mistaled:  
Me thinke my beautie should not cause my death.

*Bar.* How gladly soueraigne Princeesse would I erre,  
And binde my shame to saue your royall life:  
Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,  
To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime,  
But if in due preuent ion you default,  
How blinde are you that were forwarnd before.

*Doro.* Suspition without cause deserueth blame.

*Bar.* Who sees, and shunne not harmes, deserue the same:  
Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.

*Doro.* What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote it not.

*Bar.* Heere is his warrant vnder seale and signe,  
To *Iaques boine* in *France* to murther you.

*Doro.* Ah carelesse King, would God this were not thine  
What tho I reade? Ah should I thinke it true?

*Rosse.* The hand and seale confirms the deede is his.

*Doro.* What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

*Nano.* Madame *Lucretius* saith, that to repent,  
Is shildish wisdom to preuent.

*Doro.* What tho?

*Nano.* Then cease your teares, that haue dismaid you,  
And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

*Bar.* What needes this long suggestions in this cause?  
When euery circumstance confirmeth trueth:  
First let the hidden mercie from aboue,  
Confirme your grace, since by a wondrous meanes,  
The practise of your daungers came to light;

Next



## of James the fourth.

Next let the tokens of appooued trueth,  
Gouerne and stay your thoughts, too much seduct,  
And marke the sooth, and listen the intent,  
Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords,  
Can witnesse this, that whilest your husbands sirre  
In happie peace possesst the Scottish Crowne,  
I was his sworne attendant heere in Court,  
In daungerous fight I neuer fail'd my Lord.  
And since his death, and this your husbands raigne,  
No labour, dutie, haue I left vndone,  
To testifie my zeale vnto the Crowne:  
But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are dim,  
Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle:  
I came to court in hope for seruice past,  
To gaine some lease to keepe me beeing olde,  
There found I all was vpsie turuy turnd,  
My friends displac't, the Nobles loth to craue,  
Then sought I to the minion of the King,  
*Autenkin*, who allured by a bribe,  
Assur'd me of the lease for which I sought:  
But see the craft, when he had got the graunt,  
He wrought to sell it to Sir *Siluester*,  
In hope of greater earnings from his hands:  
In brieft, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes,  
By one his needie seruants for reward,  
To steale from out his pocket all the briefes,  
Which hee perform'd, and with reward resign'd  
Them when I read (now marke the power of God)  
I found this warrant seald among the rest,  
To kill your grace, whom God long keepe aliue.  
Thus in effect, by wonder are you sau'd,  
Trifle not then, but seeke a speake flight,  
God will conduct your steppes, and shield the right.  
*Dor.* What should I do, ah poore vnhappy Queen?  
Borne to indure what fortune can containe,

Ah

# The Scottish Historie

Ah lasse the deed is too apparant now:  
But oh mine eyes were you as bent to hide,  
As my poore heart is forward to forgiue.  
Ah cruell king, my loue would thee acquite,  
Oh what auails to be allied and matcht  
With high estates that marry but in shewe?  
Were I baser borne, my meane estate  
Cou'd warrant me from this impendent harme,  
But to be great and happie these are twaine.  
Ah *Rosse* what shall I do, how shall I worke?

*Rosse.* With speedie letters to your father send,  
Who will reuenge you, and defend your right.

*Dor.* As if they kill not me, who with him fight?  
As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded,  
As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded:  
We are one heart, tho rent by hate in twaine:  
One soule, one essence doth our weale containe:  
What then can conquer him that kills not me?

*Rosse.* If this aduice displease, then Madame flee.

*Dor.* Where may I wend or trauel without feare?

*Na.* Where not, in changing this attire you weare?

*Dor.* What shall I clad me like a Country maide?

*Na.* The pollicie is base I am affraide.

*Dor.* Why *Nano*?

*Na.* Aske you why? what may a Queene  
March forth in homely weede and be not seene?  
The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread  
Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead,  
And noble mindes altho the coate be bare,  
Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are

*Bar.* The Dwarfe saith true.

*Dor.* What garments likste thou than?

*Na.* Such as may make you seeme a proper man.

*Dor.* He makes me blush and smile, tho I am sad.

*Na.* The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.

*Dor.* What



## of Iames the fourth.

*Dor.* What shall Iiet in breeches like a squire?

*Alasse* poore dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeet.

*Na.* Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,  
Your sword vpreard with queint & comely grace,  
If any come and question what you bee,  
Say you a man, and call for witnesse mee.

*Dor.* What should I weare a sword, to what intent?

*Na.* Madame for shewe, it is an ornament,  
If any wrong you, drawe a shining blade  
Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

*Dor.* But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,  
What should I do? I feare I should bee slaine.

*Nano.* No, take it single on your dagger so,  
Ile teach you Madame how to ward a blow.

*Do.* How litle shapes much substance may include  
Sir *Bartram*, *Rosse*, yee Ladies and my friends,  
Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,  
Hence will I flie disguised like a squire,  
As one that seekes to liue in Irish warres,  
You gentle *Rosse*, shal furnish my depart.

*Ross.* Yea Prince, & die with you with all my hart,  
Vouchsafe me then in all extreamest states,  
To waight on you and serue you with my best.

*Dor.* To me pertaines the woe, liue then in rest:  
Friends fare you well, keepe secret my depart,  
*Nano* alone shall my attendant bee.

*Nan.* Then Madame are you mand, I warrant ye,  
Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate,  
Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate.

*Ross.* How sore wee greeue to part so soone away.

*Dor.* Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.

*Nano.* The time in words mispent, is litle woorth,  
Madam walke on, and let them bring vs foorth.

*Exeunt.*

G

*Enter Bob. Sq.*



# The Scottish historie

*Chorus.*

*Ent. Boba.* So these sad motions makes the faire  
And sleep hee shall in quiet and content, (leepe,  
For it would make a maibell me't and weepe  
To see these treasons gainst the innocent:  
But since shee escapes by flight to saue her life,  
The king may chance repent she was his wife:  
The rest is ruthfull, yet to beguilde the time,  
Tis interlast with merriment and rime.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*After a noyse of hernes and shewings, enter certaine  
Huntsmen, if you please, singing one way: another  
way Ateukin and Iaghes, Gnato. (king?*

*Ateu.* Say Gentlemen, where may wee finde the  
*Hunts.* Euen heere at hand on hunting.  
And at this houre hee taken hath a stand,  
To kill a Deere.

*Ateu.* A pleasant worke in hand,  
Follow your sport, and we will seeke his grace.

*Hunts.* When such him seeke, it is a wofull case.

*Exeunt Huntsman one way, Ateu. and Iag. another,  
Enter Eustace, Ida, and the Countesse.*

*Count.* Lord Eustace, as your youth & vertuous life,  
Deserues a faire, more faire and richer wife,  
So since I am a mother, and do wit  
What wedlocke is, and that which longs to it,  
Before I meane my daughter to bestow,  
Twere meete that she and I your state did know.

*Eust.* Madame if I consider Idas woorth,  
I know my portions merit none so faire,  
And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent,  
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

*Count.* But what estate my Lord shall she possesse?

*Eust.* All that is mine, graue Countesse & no lesse.

But



## of Iames the fourth.

But *Ida* will you loue?

*Ida*. I cannot hate.

*Eust*. But will you wedde?

*Ida*. Tis Greeke to mee my Lord,

Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

*Eust*. Shall I some signe of fauour then receiue?

*Ida*. I, if her Ladiship will giue me leaue.

*Count*. Do what thou wilt.

*Ida*. Then noble English Peere,

Accept this ring, wherein my heart is set,

A constant heart, with burning flames beset:

But vnder written this: *O morie dura:*

Heereon when so you looke with eyes *Pura,*

The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

*Eust*. Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

*Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.*

*Hunts*. Widdowe Countesse well ymet,

Euer may thy ioyes bee many,

Gentle *Ida* faire beset,

Faire and wise, not fairer any:

Frolike Huntsmen of the game,

Willes you well, and giues you greeting.

*Ida*. Thanks good Woodman for the same,

And our sport and merrie meeting.

*Hunts*. Vnto thee we do present,

Siluer heart with arrow wounded.

*Eust*. This doth shadow my lament,

Both feare and loue confounded.

*Ladies*. To the mother of the mayde,

Faire as th' lillies, red as roses,

Euen so many goods are saide,

As her selfe in heart supposes.

(vs wel)

*Count*. What are you friends, that thus doth wish

*Hunts*. Your neighbours nigh, that haue on hunting beene,

Who vnderstanding of your walking foorth,

# The Scottish Historie

Prepare this traine to entertaine you with,  
This Ladie *Douglas*, this Sir *Egmond* is.

*Count.* Welcome ye Ladies, and thousand thanks for this,  
Come enter you a homely widdowes house,  
And if mine entertainment please you let vs feast.

*Hunt.* A louely ladie neuer wants a guest.

*Exeunt Murer, Eustace, Ida.*

*Eust.* Stay gentle *Ida*, tell me what you deeme,  
What doth this hast, this tender heart beseeke?

*Ida.* Why not my Lord, since nature teacheth art,  
To sencelesse beastes to cure their greivous smart.

*Distannum* serues to close the wound againe.

*Eust.* What helpe for those that loue?

*Ida.* Why loue againe.

*Eust.* Were I the Hart,

*Ida.* Then I the hearbe would bee.

You shall not die for help, come follow me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Andrew and Iaques.*

*Iaq.* *Mon Dieu*, what malheure be this, me come a the chamber, Signior *Andrew*, *Mon Dieu*, taka my poinyard en mon maine, to giue the *Estocade* to the *Damoisella*, per ma foy, there was no person, elle cest en al'e.

*And.* The woorse lucke *Iaques*, but because I am thy friend I will aduise the somewhat towards the attainment of the gallowes.

*Iaq.* Gallowes, what be that?

*An.* Marrie sir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt by one turne aboue ground, rid the world of a knaue, & make a goodly ensample for all bloodie villaines of thy profession.

*Que ditte vous, Monsieur Andrew?*

*And.* I say *Iaques*, thou must keep this path, and high thee, for the Q. as I am certified, is departed with her dwarfe, apparelled like a squire, ouertake her Frenchman, stab her, He promise thee this dublet shall be happy.

*Iaq.* *Purquoy?*

*And.* It shall serue a iolle Gentleman,

*Sir*



## of Iames the fourth.

Sir *Dominus Monsignior* Hangman.

*Iaq. Cest tout, vn me will rama pour le money.*

*And.* Go, and the rot consume thee? Oh what a trim world is this? My maister lius by cousoning the king, / by flatterring him: *Slipper* my fellow by stealing: and / by lying: is not this a wylie accord, Gentlemen. This last night our iolly horsekeeper beeing well stept in licor, confessed to me the stealing of my Maisters writings, and his great reward: now dare / not bewraye him, least he discover my knauerie, but thus haue / wrought: / vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide him necessaries, but if / and my fellowes faile not, wee will teach him such a lesson, as shall cost him a chiefe place on penniless bench for his labour: but yond he comes.

*Enter Slipper with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.*

*Slip.* Taylor.      *Tayl.* Sir.

*Slip.* Let my dubblet bee white Northren, fiue groates the yard, / I tell thee / I will bee braue.

*Tayl.* It shall sir.

*Slip.* Now sir, cut it me like the battlements of a Custerd, ful of round holes: edge me the sleeues with Couentry-blew, and let the lynings bee of tenpenny locorum.

*Tayl.* Very good sir.

*Slip.* Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.

*Tayl.* And why so? that fashion is stale.

*Slip.* Oh friend, thou art a simple fellow, I tell thee, a flap is a great friend to a storrie, it stands him in stead of cleane naperie, and if a mans shirt bee torne, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a cleane huswifes scoffe.

*Tay.* You say sooth sir.

*Slip.* Holde take thy mony, there is seuen shillings for the dubblet, and eight for the breeches, seuen and eight, bi ladie thirtie sixe is a faire deale of mony.

*Tayl.* Farwell sir.

*Slip.* Nay but stay Tay'or.

*Tayl.* Why sir?

# The Scottish Historie

*Slipper.* Forget not this speciall mate,  
Let my back parts bee well linde,  
For there come many winter stormes from a windie bellie,  
I tell thee Shoo-maker.

*Shoe-m.* Gentleman what shoo will it please you to haue?

*Slip.* A fine neate calues leather my friend.

*Shoo.* Oh sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

*Slip.* I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am *Slipper*, which hath his best grace in summer to bee suted in lakus skins, Guidwife Clarke was my Grandmother, and Goodman Neatherleather mine Vnckle, but my mother good woman. Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and drest by a good-fellow, an English man, is growne to some wealth: as when I haue but my vpper parts, clad in her husbands costlie Spannish leather, I may bee bold to kisse the fayrest Ladies foote in this contrey.

*Shoo.* You are of high birth sir,  
But haue you all your mothers markes on you?

*Slip.* Why knaue?

*Shoemaker.* Because if thou come of the bloud of the *Slippers*, you should haue a Shoemakers Alle thrust through your care.

*Exit.*

*Slip.* Take your earnest friend and be packing,  
And meddle not with my progenators *Cutler*.

*Cutler.* Heare sir.

*Slip.* I must haue a Rapier and Dagger.

*Cutler.* A Rapier and Dagger you meane sir?

*Slipper.* Thou saiest true, but it must haue a verie faire edge,

*Cutler.* Why so sir?

*Slip.* Because it may cut by himseife, for trulie my freende, I am a man of peace, and weare weapons but for facion.

*Cutler.* Well sir, giue me earnest I will fit you.

*Slip.* Hold take it, I betrust thee friend, let me be welarmed.

*Cutler.* You shall.

*Exit Cutler.*

*Slip.*



## of James the fourth.

*Slip.* Nowe what remaines? there twentie Crownes for house, three crownes for houshol stuffe, six pence to buie a Constables staffe: nay I will be the chiefe of my parish, there wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife and a servant, to make an hole familie, shall I marrie with *Alice*, good mā *Grimshanes* daughter, shee is faire, but indeede her tongue is like Clocks on Shrouetuesday, alwaies out of temper? shall I wed *Sisley* of the Whightō? Oh, she is like a frog in a parcell bed, as scittish as an ele, if I seek to hāper her, she wil horne me: but a wench must be had maister *Slip*. Yea and shal be deer friend.

*And.* I now wil driue him from his contemplations. Oh my mates come forward, the lamb is vnpen, the fox shal preuaile.

*Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take  
Slipper with them.*

*Slip.* I will my freend, and I thanke you heartilie, pray keepe your curtesie, I am yours in the way of an hornepipe, they are strangers, I see they vnderstand not my language, wee wee.

*Whilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money,  
and the other Antiques depart.*

*Slip.* Nay but my friends, one hornpipe, further a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what not one crosse point against Sundayes. What ho sirrha, you gone, you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a right greeke, one turne more, theeues theeues, I am robd theeues. Is this the knauerie of Fiddlers? Well, I will then binde the hole credit of their occupatiō on a bagpiper, and he for my money, but I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that haue coufoned me of my money.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nano, Dorothea, in mans apparell.*

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, I am wearie of these weedes,  
Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare:  
Wearie of loue, from whom my woe proceedes.

Wearie

# The Scottish Historie

Wearie of toyle, since I haue lost my deare,  
O wearie life, where wanted no distresse,  
But euery thought is paide with heauinesse.

*Na.* Too much of wearie madame, if you please,  
Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your ease.

*Dorot.* How looke I *Nano* like a man or no?

*Nano.* If not a man, yet like a manlie shrowe.

*Doro.* If any come and meete vs on the way,  
What should we do if they inforce vs stay.

*Na.* Set cap a huffe, and challenge him the field,  
Suppose the worst, the weake may fight to yeeld.

*Dorot.* The battaile *Nano* in this troubled minde,  
Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.

The bodies wounds by medicines may be eased,  
But griefes of mindes, by salues are not appeased.

*Na.* Say Madame, will you heare your *Nano* sing?

*Dor.* Of woe good boy, but of no other thing:

*Na.* What if I sing of fancie will it please? (ease.

*Dor.* To such as hope successe, such noats breede

*Na.* What if I sing like *Damon* to my sheepe?

*Dor.* Like *Phyllis* I will sit me downe to weepe.

*Na.* Nay since my songs afford such pleasure small,  
He sit me downe, and sing you none at all.

*Doro.* Oh be not angrie *Nano*.

*Nano.* Nay you loath,

To thinke on that, which doth content vs both.

*Doro.* And how?

*Nano.* You scorne desport when you are wearie,  
And loath my mirth, who liue to make you merry.

*Doro.* Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

*Na.* Tis vertue to contemne fals Fortunes spight.

*Do.* What should I do to please thee friendly squire?

*Na.* A smile a day, is all I will require:

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,  
He kill this cursed care, or else bestrowe me.

*Dong.*



## of James the fourth.

*Doug.* We are descried, oh *Mano* we are dead.

*Enter Iaghes his sword drawne.*

*Nano.* Tut yet you walk, you are not dead indeed,  
Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand.

*Do.* And I will seeke for rescue out of hand,  
Run *Nano* runne, prevent thy Princes death.

*Na.* Feare not, ile run all danger out of breath.

*Iaq.* Ah you *calletta*, you strumpet, ta *Maitressa Doretie* este, vous  
surprins come say your pater noster, car vous est mort par ma foy

*Do.* Callet, me strumpet, Catine as thou art  
But euen a Princessse borne, who scorne thy threats.  
Shall neuer French man say, an English mayd,  
Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

*Iaq.* You no dire vostre prieges, vrbleme merchants femme,  
guarda your bresta, there me make you die on my mor glay,

*Doro.* God sheeld me haplesse princes and a wife.

*They fight, and shee is sore wounded.*

And saue my soule, altho I loose my life.

Ah I am slaine, some piteous power repay,  
This murderers cursed deed, that doth me slay.

*Iaq.* Elle est tout mort, me will runne pur a wager, for feare me  
be surpryes and penul for my labour. Be in *Je men alera au roy*  
*any cits me affaires*, *Je ferra un chivalier*, for this daies tra-  
uaile.

*Exit.*

*Enter Nano, S. Cutbert Anderson,*  
*his sword drawne.*

*S. Cutb.* Where is this poore distressed gentleman?

*Nano.* Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death.  
Ah gentle heart, how are these beautilous lookes,  
Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death:

Oh wearie soule, breake thou from forth my brest,  
And ioyne thee with the soule I honoured most.

*S. Cut.* Leaue mourning friend, the man is yet aliue,  
Some helpe me to conuey him to my house:

H

There

# The Scottish Historie

There will I see him carefully recured,  
And send priuie search to catch the murtherer.

*Nano.* The God of heauen reward the courteous knight.

*Exeunt.* And they beare out *Dorothea*.

*Enter the King of Scots, Iaques, Ateukin, Andrew, Iaques*  
*running with his sword one way, the King with his*  
*traine an other way.*

*K. of S.* Stay *Iaques*, feare not, sheath thy murthering blade:  
Loe here thy King and friends are come abroad,  
To saue thee from the terrors of pursuite:  
What is she dead?

*Iaq.* Wee Monsieur, elle is blesse per l'ke teste, oues les e-  
spanles, I warrant she no trouble you.

*Aten.* Oh then my liege, how happie art thou growne,  
How fauoured of the heauens, and blest by loue:  
Mee thinkes I see faire *Ida* in thine armes,  
Crauing remission for her late attempt,  
Mee thinke I see her blushing steale a kisse:  
Vniting both your soules by such a sweete,  
And you my King suck Nectar from her lips.  
Why then delaies your grace to gaine the rest  
You long desired? why loose we forward time?  
Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage,  
If she deny your fauour let me die.

*Andr.* Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to  
mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare at  
his natiuitie, that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of the  
Thracian Stone, for who toucheth it, is exempted from griefe,  
and he that heareth my Maisters counsell, is already possessed  
of happinesse: nay which is more myraculous, as the Noble  
man in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme of Bees laid ho-  
ney on his lippes, in token of his eloquence. *For melle dulcier*  
*fluit oratio.*

*Aten.* Your grace must beare with imperfections:  
This is exceeding loue that makes him speake.

*K. of S.*



## of James the fourth.

*K. of S. Atenukin* I am raviſht in conceit,  
And yet depreſt againe with earneſt thoughts,  
Me thinkes this murder ſoundeth in mine care,  
A threatning noyſe of dire and ſharp reuenge.  
I am incenſt with greefe, yet faine would ioy,  
What may I do to end me of theſe doubts?

*Aten.* Why Prince it is no marther in a King,  
To end an others life to ſave his owne,  
For you are not as common people bee.  
Who die and periſh with a fewe mans teares,  
But if you faile, the ſtate doth whole default  
The Realme is rent in twaine, in ſuch a loſſe,  
And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true,  
Of euills needs we muſt chuſe the leaſt,  
Then better were it, that a woman died,  
Then all the helpe of *Scotland* ſhould be blent,  
Tis pollicie my liege, in euerie ſtate,  
To cut off members that diſturbe the head.  
And by corruption generation growes.  
And contraries maintaine the world and ſtate.

*K. of S.* Enough I am confirmed, *Atenukin* come,  
Rid me of loue, and rid me of my greefe,  
Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted breaſt,  
Then may I triumph in the height of ioy,  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that I vowe,  
To raiſe her head and make her honours great.  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire,  
Shall be embolliſhed with orient pearles,  
And Crownes of Saphyrs compaſſing her browes,  
Shall weare with thoſe ſweete beauties of her eyes.  
Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that my ſoule  
Shall keepe her ſemblance cloſed in my breaſt,  
And I in touching of her milke-white mould,  
Will thinke me deified in ſuch a grace:  
I like no ſtay, go write and I will ſigne.

# The Scottish Historie

Reward me *Iaques*, giue him store of Crowne.  
And sirrha *Andrew*, scout thou here in Court:  
And bring me rydings if thou canst perceiue  
The least intent of muttering in my traine,  
For either those that wrong thy Lord or thee,  
Shall suffer death. *Exit the King.*

*Aten.* How much ô mightie king,  
Is thy *Atenkin* bound to honour thee:  
Bowe thee *Andrew*, bend thine sturdie knees,  
Seest thou not here thine onely God on earth?

*Iaq.* Mes on est mon argent Signior.

*Aten.* Come follow me, his graue *I* see is made,  
That thus on suddain he hath left vs here.  
Come *Iaques*, we wil haue our packet soone dispatcht  
And you shall be my mate vpon the way.

*Iaq.* Come vous plera Monsieur.

*Exeunt.*

*Andr.* Was neuer such a world I thinke before,  
When sinners seeme to daunce within a net,  
The flatterer and the murtherer they grow big,  
By hooke or crooke promotion now is sought,  
In such a world where men are so misled,  
What should *I* do? but as the Prouerbe saith,  
Runne with the Hare, and hunt with the Hound.  
To haue two meanes, befeemes a wittie man:  
Now here in Court *I* may aspire and clime,  
By subtiltie for my maisters death.  
And if that faile, well fare an other drift:  
*I* will in secret certaine letters send  
Vnto the English King, and let him know  
The order of his daughters overthrow.  
That if my master crack his credit here,  
As *I* am sure long flattery cannot hold,  
*I* may haue meanes within the English Court  
To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice. *Exit.*

*Chorus.*



# of James the fourth.

*Chorus.*

*Enter Bohan and Obiron.*

*Ober.* Beleue me bonny Scot, these strange euent,  
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

*Boba.* Else say that *Bohan* hath a barren skull,  
If better motions yet then any past,  
Do not more glee to make the faire greet,  
But my small son made prittie handsome shift,  
To saue the *Queene* his *Mistresse* by his speed.

*Obiro.* Yea you *Ladie* for his sport he made,  
Shall see when least he hopes, Ile stand his friend,  
Or else hee capers in a halters end.

*Boba.* What hang my son? I trowe not *Obiran*:  
Ile rather die, then see him woe begon.

*Enter a crowd, or some daunce at Pleasure.*

*Ober.* *Bohan* be pleas'd, for do they what they will,  
Heere is my hand, Ile saue thy son from ill.

*Exit.*

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the Queene in a night gowne, Ladie Ander-  
son, and Nano.*

*La. And.* My gentle friend beware in taking aire,  
Your walkes growe not offensive to your woundes.

*Do.* Madame I thank you of your courteous care,  
My woundes are well nigh clos'd, tho sore they are.

*L. And.* Me thinks these closed woundes should breed more  
Since open woundes haue cure, and find reliefe. (griefe,

*Dor.* Madame, if vndiscovered woundes you meane,  
They are not curde, because they are not seene.

*L. And.* I meane the woundes which do the heart subdue.

*Nano.* Oh that is loue, Madame speake I not true?

*Ladie Anderson overheares.*

*La. And.* Say it were true, what salue for such a sore?

*Nano.* Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of dore.

H 3

*La. And.* How

# The Scottish Historie

*L. And.* How if I cannot driue him from my brest?

*Nano.* Then chaine him well, and let him do his best.

*S. Cutb.* In ripping vp their wounds, I see their wit,  
But if these woundes be cured I furrow it.

*Doro.* Why are you so intentine to behold,  
My pale and wofull lookes, by care controld?

*L. And.* Because in them a readie way is found,  
To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

*Nano.* Good Maister shut your eyes, keepe that conceit,  
Surgeons giue *Quaine*, to get a good receipt.

*Doro.* Peace wanton son, this Ladie did amend  
My woundes: mine eyes her hidden grieve shall end,  
Looke not too much, it is a waightie case.

*Nano.* Where as a man puts on a maidens face,  
For many times if Ladies weare them not,  
A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

*S. Cutb.* He breake off their dispute, least loue proceed,  
From couert smiles, to perfect loue indeed.

*Nano.* The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee still,

*L. And.* Tut, wee can flie such cats when so we will:

*S. Cutb.* How fares my guest, take cheare, nought shall de-  
That eyther doth concerne your health or ioy; (fault,  
Vse me, my house, and what is mine is yours.

*Doro.* Thankes gentle knight, and if all hopes be true,  
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

*S. Cutb.* Your vertue doth acquite me of that doubt:  
But courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,  
I must to *Edenbourg* vnto the king,  
There to take charge, and waight him in his warres:  
Meane while good Madame take this squire in charge,  
And vse him so as if it were my selfe.

*L. And.* Sir *Cuthbert* doubt not of my dilligence:  
Meane while, till your returne God send you health.

*Doro.* God blesse his grace, and if his cause be iust,  
Prosper his waies: if not hee I mend I trust:

Good



## of Iames the fourth.

Good sir what mooues the king to fall to armes?

*S. Cuth.* The king of England forrageth his land,  
And hath besieged *Dumbac* with mightie force:  
What other newes are common in the Court,  
Reade you these letters Madame tell the squire,  
The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

*Exit.*

*Doro.* God prosper you, and bring you backe from thence:  
Madame what newes?

*La. And.* They say the Queene is slaine.

*Doro.* Tut, such reports more false then truth containe.

*L. And.* but these reports haue made his Nobles leaue him.

*Doro.* Ah carelesse men, and would they so deceiue him?

*La. And.* The land is spoylde, the commons fear the crosse,  
All crie against the king, their cause of losse:  
The English king subdues and conquers all.

*Doro.* Ah lasse, this warre growes great, on causes small.

*L. And.* Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone,  
Still dreading death.

*Doro.* Woes me, for him I moane,  
Helpe, now helpe, a suddaine qualme  
Assayles my heart.

*Nano.* Good Madame stand her friend,  
Giue vs some licor to refresh her heart.

*L. And.* Daw thou her vp, and I will fetch thee forth  
Potions of comfort to repress her paine.

*Exit.*

*Nano.* Fie Princessse, faint on euery fond report,  
How well nigh had you opened your estate:  
Couer these sorrowes with the vaile of ioy,  
And hope the best, for why this warre will cause,  
A great repentance in your husbands minde.

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, trees liue not without their sap,  
And *Clitia* cannot blush but on the sunne,  
The thirstie earth is broke with many a gap,  
And lands are leane, where riuers do not runne,

Where

# The Scottish Historie

Where soule is rest from that it loueth best,  
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?  
Thou knowest the Princes losse must be my death,  
His grieve, my grieve: his mischief must be mine;  
Oh if thou loue me, *Nano* high to court,  
Tell *Rosse*, tell *Bartram* that I am aliue,  
Conceale thou yet, the place of my aboade,  
Will them euen as they loue their Queene,  
As they are charie of my soule and ioy,  
To guard the King, to serue him as my Lord:  
Haste thee good *Nana*, for my husbands care,  
Consumeth mee and wounds mee to the heart.

*Nano*. Madame I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

*Exeunt.*

*Dor.* Go thou with speed, euen as thou holdst me deare,  
Returne in haste.

*Enter Ladie Anderson.*

*L. An.* Now sir, what cheare? come tast this broth I bring.

*Doro.* My grieve is past, I feele no further sting.

*L. And.* Where is your dwarf? Why hath hee left you sir?

*Doro.* For some affaires, hee is not traueled farre.

*L. And.* If so you please, come in and take your rest.

*Doro.* Feare keepes awake a discontented brest.

*Exeunt.*

*After a solemne seruice, enter from the widdowes house a seruice, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you list, to them, Alenkin and Gnato.*

*Alc.* What means this triumph friend? why are these feasts?

*Servi.* Faire *Ida* sir, was married yesterday,  
Vnto sir *Eustace*, and for that intent,  
Wee feast and sport it thus to honour them:  
And if you please, come in and take your part,  
My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare.

*Exit.*

*Isq. Men.*



## of Iames the fourth.

*Iaq. Monsieur, why be you so sadde, fette bon chere fontre de ce monde.*

*Ateu.* What? was I borne to bee the scorne of kinn:  
To gather feathers like to a hopper crowe,  
And loose them in the height of all my pompe:  
Accursed man now is my credite lost:  
Where is my vowes I made vnto the king?  
What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare,  
That I haue causde him kill a vertuous Queene?  
And hope in vaine for that which now is lost:  
Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens  
Are iust, and will reuenge: I know my sinnes  
Exceede compare: should I proceed in this?  
This *Eustace* must a man be made away:  
Oh were I dead, how happy should I bee?

*Iaq. Est ce donque a tell poynt vostre estat, faith then  
adeiu Scotland, adeiu Signior Ateukin, me will homa  
to France, and no be hanged in a strange country.* *Exit.*

*Ateu.* Thou doest me good to leaue me thus alone,  
That galling griefe and I may yoake in one:  
Oh what are subtile meanes to clime on high?  
When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame?  
I promist *Idaes* loue vnto the Prince,  
But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne:  
I practis'd *Dorotheas* haplesse death,  
And by this practise haue comenst a warre.  
Oh cursed race of men that traficque guile,  
And in the end, themselues and kings beguile:  
A shamde to looke vpon my Prince againe:  
A shamde of my suggestions and aduise:  
A shamde of life: a shamde that I haue erde:  
He hide my selfe, expecting for my shame.  
Thus God doth worke with those, that purshase fame  
By flattery, and make their Prince their gaine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of England, Lord Percey, Samles, and others.*

I

*Arins.* Thus

# The Scottish historie

*Arius.* Thus farre the English Peeres haue we displayde,  
Our wauing Ensignes with a happy warre,  
Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde,  
My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot,  
And now before *Dambar* our campe is pitcht,  
Which if it yeeld not to our compremise,  
The place shall furrow where the pallace stood,  
And furie shall enuy so high a power,  
That mercie shall bee bannisht from our swords.

*Doug.* What seekes the English King?

*Arius.* Scot open those gates, and let me enter in,  
Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,  
Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,  
And lay this Cittie leuell with the ground.

*Doug.* For what offence? for what default of ours?  
Art thou incens't so sore against our state?  
Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne  
To pray on those that neuer did offend?  
What tho the Lyon, (king of brutish race,  
Through outrage sinne, shall lambes be therefore slaine?  
Or is it lawfull that the humble die,  
Because the mightie do gainsay the right?  
O English King, thou bearest in thy brest,  
The King of beasts, that harmes not yeelding ones,  
The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field,  
A signe of peace, not of reuenging warre:  
Be gracious then vnto this little towne,  
And tho we haue withstood thee for a while,  
To shew alleageance to our liefest liege,  
Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe,  
Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld our selues.

*Ari.* What shall I enter then and be your Lord?

*Doug.* We will submit vs to the English king.

*They descend downe, open the gates, and humble them.*

*Arius.* Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

This



## of James the fourth.

This hand now reard, my *Douglas* if I list,  
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine:  
But since I see thee wise and olde in yeares,  
True to thy king, and faithfull in his warres,  
Liue thou and thine, *Dambar* is too too small,  
To giue an entrance to the English king,  
I Eaglelike disdain these little foules,  
And looke on none but those that dare resist,  
Enter your towne as those that liue by me,  
For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle:  
Mine English souldiers, as you loue your king,  
Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

*Exeunt,*

*Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Diuine.*

*Lawyer.* My friends, what thinke you of this present state,  
Were euer scene such changes in a time?  
The manners and the fashions of this age,  
Are like the *Ermine* skinne so full of spots,  
As soone may the Moore bee washed white,  
Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

*Merch.* What sees mas Lawyer in this state amisse?

*Law.* A wresting power that makes a nose of wax,  
Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtile drift,  
In all estates to clime by others losse,  
An eager thirst of wealth, forgetting trueth,  
Might I ascend vnto the highest states,  
And by discent discover euery crime,  
My friends I should lament, and you would greeue  
To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

*Diu.* O Lawyer, thou haste curious eyes to prie,  
Into the secrets maimes of their estate,  
But if thy vaile of error were vnmaskt,  
Thy selfe shoul'd see your sect, do maim her most:  
Are you not those that should maintaine the peace,  
Yet onely are the patrones of our strife?

# The Scottish Historie

If your profession haue his ground and spring,  
First from the lawes of God, then countriees right,  
Not any waies inuerting natures power,  
Why thriue you by contentions? Why deuise you  
Clawfes, and subtile reasons to except:  
Our state was first before you grew so great,  
A Lanterne to the world for vnitie:  
Now they that are befriended, and are rich,  
Or presse the poore, come *Homer* without quoine,  
He is not heard: What shall we terme this drift?  
To say the poore mans cause is good and iust,  
And yet the rich man gaines the best in lawe:  
It is your guile, (the more the world laments)  
To quoine *Promises* to beguile your lawes,  
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,  
When you delay your common pleas for yeares:  
Mark what these dealings lately here haue wrought:  
The craftie men haue purchaste greatmens lands  
They poulc, they pinch, their tennants are vndone:  
If these complaine by you they are vndone,  
You fleese them of their quoine, their children beg,  
And many want, because you may bee rich,  
This scarre is mightie maister Lawyer,  
Now man hath gotten head within this land,  
Marke but the guile, the poore man that is wrongd,  
Is readie to rebell: hee spoyle, he pilles,  
We need no foes to forrage that wee haue,  
The lawe (say they) in peace consumed vs,  
And now in warre wee will consume the lawe:  
Looke to this mischiefe, Lawyers conscience knowes  
You liue amisse, amend it, least you end.

*Law.* Good Lord, that their Diuines should see so farre  
In others faults, without amending theirs?  
Sir, sir, the generall defaults in state,



## of Iames the fourth.

(If you would read before you did correct)

Are by a hidden working from aboue,  
By their successiue changes still remainde,  
Were not the lawe by contraries maintaine,  
How could the trueth from falsehood be discernde?  
Did wee not tast the bitternesse of warre?  
How could wee knowe the sweet effects of peace?  
Did wee not feele the nipping winter frostes,  
How should we know the sweetnesse of the spring?  
Should all things still remaine in one estate,  
Should not in greatest arts some scarres be found,  
Were all vpright and changd, what world were this?

*A Chaos*, made of quiet, yet no world,  
Because the parts thereof did still accord,  
This matter craues a variance not a speech,  
But sir Diuine to you, looke on your maimes,  
Diuisions, sects, your summonies and bribes:  
Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall,  
You shall perceiue you are the cause of all.  
Did each man know there were a storme at hand,  
Who would not cloath him well, to shun the wet?  
Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the least,  
Know what were sinne, without a partiall glose,  
Wee need no long discouery then of crimes,  
For each would mend, aduis'd by holy men:  
Thus but slightly shadow out your sinnes,  
But if they were depainted out for life,  
Alasse wee both had wounds inough to heale.

*Merch.* None of you both I see but are in fault,  
Thus simple men as I do swallow flies,  
This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do,  
But wee may say: Phisitian mend thy selfe,  
This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke,  
But all are words, I see no deeds of woorth.

*Law.* Good Merchant lay your fingers on your mouth,

# The Scottish Historie

Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe,  
What should I terme your state, but euen the way  
To euery ruine in this Common-weale,  
You bring vs in the meanes of all excesse,  
You rate it, and retalde it as you please,  
You sweare, forswear, and all to compasse wealth,  
Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen,  
You are the groundworke of contention:  
First heedlesse youth, by you is ouerreacht,  
Wee are corrupted by your many crownes:  
The Gentlemen, whose titles you haue bought,  
Loose all their fathers toyle within a day,  
Whilst *Hob* your sonne, and *Sib* your nutbrowne childe,  
Are Gentle folkes, and Gentles are beguilde:  
This makes so many Noble maides to stray,  
And take sinister courses in the state. *Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* My friends begone and if you loue your liues,  
The King of England marcheth heere at hand,  
Enter the campe for feare you bee surprisde.

*Diuine.* Thankes gentle scout, God mend that is amisse,  
And place true, zeale whereas corruption is. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dorothea, Ladie Anderson and Nano.*

*Doro.* What newes in Court, *Nano* let vs know it?

*Nano.* If so you please my Lord, I straight will shew it:  
The English king hath all the borders spoyld,  
Hath taken *Morton* prisoner, and hath slaine  
Seuen thousand Scottish Lords, not farre from *Trearde*.

*Doro.* A wofull murther, and a bloodie deed.

*Nano.* Thinking our liege hath sought by many meanes  
For to appease his enemy by prayers,  
Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore,  
Faile *Dorothea* long supposed dead:  
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,  
That who so euer returne the Queene to Court,  
Shall haue a thousand Markes for his reward.

*L. And. He*



## of Iames the fourth.

*L. And.* He loues her then I see, altho inforst,  
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her:  
Why sit you sad, good sir be not dismaide.

*Na.* Ile lay my life this man would be a maide.

*Dor.* Faine would I shewe my selfe, and change my

*And.* Whereon diuine you sir? (tirc.

*Na.* Vppon desire.

Madam marke but my skill, ile lay my life,  
My maister here, will prooue a married wife.

*Doro.* Wilt thou bewray me *Nano*?

*Nano.* Madam no:

You are a man, and like a man you goe.

But I that am in speculation scene,

Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

*Dor.* Thou art not dwarffe to learne thy mistresse:  
Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind, (mind,  
But yet I blush.

*Na.* What blush you Madam than,  
To be your selfe, who are a fayned man?  
Let me alone.

*La. And.* Deceitfull beautie hast thou scornd me so!

*Nano.* Nay muse not maiden, for she tels you true.

*La. An.* Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred my shame:

*N.* And womens faces work more wrongs then these:  
Take comfort Madam to cure our disease.

And yet he loues a man as well as you,  
Onely this difference, she cannot fancie too.

*La. An.* Blush, greeue, and die, in thine intaciad lust.

*Do.* Nay liue and ioy that thou hast won a friend,  
That loues thee as his life, by god desert.

*La. And.* I ioy my Lord more then my tongue can  
Although not as I desir'd, I loue you well: (tell:  
But modestie, that neuer blusht before,  
Discouer my false heart. I say no more.

Let

# The Scottish Historie

Let me alone.

*Doro.* Good *Nano* stay a while.

Were I not sad, how kindlie could I smile,  
To see how faine I am to leaue this weede:  
And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede.  
But danger hates delay, I will be bold,  
Faie Ladie I am not, suppose  
A man, but euen that Queene, more haplesse I,  
Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die:  
I am the haplesse Princesse, for whose right,  
These kings in bloudie warres reuenge dispight.  
I am that *Dorothea* whom they seeke,  
Yours bounden for your kindnesse and releeve:  
And since you are the meanes that saue my life,  
Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire,  
Whereas your husband shal enioy reward,  
And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

*An.* Pardon most gracious Princesse, if you please,  
My rude discourse and homelie entertaine,  
And if my words may sauour any worth,  
Vouchsafe my counsaile in this waightie cause:  
Since that our liege hath so vnkindly dealt:  
Giue him no trust, returne vnto your fyre,  
There may you safelie liue in spight of him.

*Doro.* Ah Ladie, so wold worldly counsell work,  
But constancie, obedience, and my loue,  
In that my husband is my Lord and chiefe,  
These call me to compassion of his estate,  
Disswade me not, for vertue will not change,

*An.* What woonderous constancie is this I heare?  
If English dames their husbands loue so deer,  
I feare me in the world they haue no peere. (weede,

*Na.* Come Princes wend, and let vs change your  
I long to see you now a Queene indeede.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## of Iames the fourth.

*Enter the King of Scots, the English Herauld & Lords.*

*K. of S.* He would haue parly Lords, Herauld say he  
And get thee gone : goe leaue me to my selfe: (shall,  
Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres:  
The one assures me of my *Idaes* loue,  
The other moues me for my murthred Queene.  
Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy,  
And doubt, in greatest hope, and death in weale,  
Ah lasse what hell may be compared with mine,  
Since in extreames my comforts do consist:  
Warre then will cease, when dead ones are reuiued.  
Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope.  
Who doth disturbe me? *Andrew?*

*Andrew enter with Slipper.*

*Andr.* I my liege.

*K. of S.* What newes?

*Andr.* I thinke my mouth was made at first,  
To tell these tragique tales my liefest Lord.

*K. of S.* What is *Atenkin* dead, tell me the worst?

*Andr.* No but your *Ida*, shall I tell him all?  
Is married late (ah shall I say to whom?)  
My maister sad: (for why he shames the Court)  
Is fled away? ah most vnhappie flight.  
Onlie my selfe, ah who can loue you more?  
To shew my dutie (dutie past beliefe)  
Am come vnto your grace (oh gracious liege)  
To let you know, oh would it wearé not thus,  
That loue is vain, and maids soone lost and wonne.  
*K. of S.* How haue the partial heauens thē dealt with  
Boading my weale, for to abase my power? (me,  
Alas what thronging thoughts do me oppresse?  
Iniurious loue is partiall in my right,  
And flattering tongues by whom I was misled,  
Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state and me.  
Methinkes I heare my *Dorotheas* goast,

K

Howling

# The Scottish Historie

Howling reuenge for my accursed hate,  
The gifts of those my subiects that are flaine,  
Pursue me crying out, woe, woe, to lust,  
The foe pursues me at my pallace doore:  
He breakes my rest and spoyles me in my Camp,  
Ah flattering broode of *Sicophants* my foes,  
First sha'll my dire reuenge begin on you,  
I will reward thee *Andrew*.

*Slip.* Nay sir if you be in your deeds of charitie, remember me  
I rub'd M. *Atenkins* horse heeles, when he rid to the medowes.

*K. of S.* And thou shalt haue thy recompence for that,  
Lords beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,  
Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

*And.* If so your grace in such sort giue rewards,  
Let me haue nought, I am content to want.

*Slip.* Then I pray sir giue me all, I am as ready for a reward as  
an oyster for a fresh tide, spare not me sir.

*K. of S.* Then hang them both as traitors to the King.

*Slip.* The case is altered, sir, ile none of your gifts, what I take  
a reward at your hands? Maister, faith sir no: I am a man of a  
better conscience.

*K. of S.* Why dallie you? go draw them hence away.

*Slip.* Why alas sir, I wil go away I thanke you gentle friends,  
I pray you spare your pains, I will not trouble his honors mai-  
stership, ile run away.

*Enter Adam, and Antiques, and carrie away the Clowne,  
he makes pots, and sports, and scornes.*

Why stay you? moue me not, let search be made,  
For vile *Atenkin*, who so findes him out,  
Shall haue five hundreth markes for his reward.  
Away with the Lords troupes about my tent,  
Let all our souldiers stand in battaile ray,  
For lo the English to their parley come.

*March ouer bravelie first the English hoste, the sword caried  
before the King by Percy. The Scottish on the other side,  
with all their pompe bravelie.*

*K. of S.* What seekes the King of England in this land?



## of Iames the fourth.

*K. of Eng.* False traiterous Scot, I come for to reuenge  
My daughters death: I come to spoyle thy wealth,  
Since thou hast spoyle me of my marriage ioy.  
I come to heape thy land with Carkasses,  
That this thy thirftie soyle choakt vp with blood,  
May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head.  
I come to quit thy louelesse loue with death,  
In brieft, no meanes of peace shall ere be found,  
Except I haue my daughter or thy head. (plaines,

*K. of S.* My head proud King, abase thy prancing  
So striving fondly, maist thou catch thy graue.  
But if true iudgement do direct thy course,  
These lawfull reasons should deuide the warre,  
Faith not by my consent thy daughter dyed.

*K. of E.* Thou liest false Scot, thy agers haue cōfess'd it.  
These are but fond delays, thou canst not thinke  
A meanes for to reconcile me for thy friend,  
I haue thy parasites confession pend:

What then canst thou alleage in thy excuse?

*K. of S.* I will repay the raunsome for her bloud.

*K. of E.* What thinkest thou catiue, I wil sel my child,  
No if thou be a Prince and man at armes,  
In singule combat come and trie thy right,  
Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face.

*K. of S.* I tooke no combat false iniurious King,  
But since thou needlesse art inclinde to warre,  
Do what thou darest we are in open field.  
Arming thy battailes I will fight with thee. (charge

*K. of E.* Agreed, now trumpets sound a dreadfull  
Fight for your Princesse, braue English men:  
Now for your lands your children and your wiues,  
My Scottish Peeres, and lastly for your King.

*Alarū sounded, both the battailes offer to meet, & as the  
Kings are ioyning battaile, Enter sir Cutber to his Lady  
Cutbert, with the Queene Dorothea richly attired.*

*S. Cut.* say Princes wage not warre, a priue grudge  
Twixt such as you (most high in Maiestie)

# The Scottish Historie

Afflicts both nocent and the innocent,  
How many swordes deere Princes see I drawne?  
The friend against his friend, a deadly friend:  
A desperate diuision in those lands,  
Which if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.  
Oh stay with reason mitigate your rage,  
And let an old man humbled on his knees,  
Intreat a boone good Princes of you both.

*K. of En.* I condescend, for why thy reuerend years  
Import some newes of truth and consequence,  
I am content, for *Anderſon* I know. (good.

*K. of S.* Thou art my subiect and doest meane me

*S. Cut. And.* But by your gracious fauours grant me this,  
To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.

*K. of Eng.* See by my sword, and by a Princes faith,  
In euery lawfull sort I am thine owne.

*K. of S.* And by my Scepter and the Scottish Crowne,  
I am resolu'd to grant thee thy request.

*Cutb.* I see you trust me Princes who repose,  
The waight of such a warre vpon my will.  
Now marke my sute, a tender Lyons whelp,  
This other day came stragling in the woods,  
Attended by a young and tender hinde,  
In courage haucie, yet tyred like a lambe,  
The Prince of beasts had left this young in keepe,  
To foster vp as louemate and compeere,  
Vnto the Lyons mate a naibour friend,  
This stately guide seduced by the fox,  
Sent forth an eger Woolfe bred vp in *France*,  
That gript the tender whelp, and wounded it.  
By chance as *I* was hunting in the woods,  
I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelp,  
I tooke them both, and brought them to my house,  
With charie care I haue recorde the one,  
And since I know the Lyons are at strife,  
About the losse and dammage of the young,

I bring



## of Iames the fourth.

I bring her home, make claime to her who list.

*Hee discouereth her.*

*Doro.* I am the whelp, bred by this Lyonvp,  
This royall English king my happy sire,  
Poore *Nano* is the hinde that tended me:  
My father Scottish king, gaue me to thee:  
A haplesse wife, thou quite misled by youth,  
Hast sought sinister loues and forraine ioyes,  
The fox *Ateukin*, cursed Parasite,  
Incenst your grace to send the wolfe abroad,  
The French borne *Iagues*, for to end my daies,  
Hee traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,  
And left mee wounded, where this noble knight,  
Both rescued me and mine, and sau'd my life.

Now keep thy promise, *Dorothea* liues:  
Giue *Anderson* his due and iust reward:  
And since you kings, your warres began by me,  
Since I am safe, returne surcease your fight.

*K. of S.* Durst I presume to looke vpon those eies,  
Which I haue tired with a world of woes,  
Or did I thinke submission were ynough,  
Or sighes might make an entrance to my soule:  
You heauens, you know how willing I wold weep:  
You heauens can tell, how glad I wold submit:  
You heauens can say, how firmly I wold figh.

*Do.* Shame me not Prince, compassion in thy bed,  
Youth hath misled: tut but a little fault,  
Tis kingly to amend what is amisse:  
Might I with twise as many paines as these,  
Vnite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord,  
See how incessaunt labours I wold take.  
My gracious father gouerne your affects,  
Giue me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,  
And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this,  
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse:  
Ah mightie Prince, this king and I am one,

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Spoyle thou his subiects, thou despoylest me:  
Touch thou his brest, thou doest attaint this heart,  
Oh bee my father then in louing him.

*K. of Eng.* Thou prouident kinde mother of increase,  
Thou must preuaile, ah nature thou must rule:  
Holde daughter, ioyne my hand and his in one,  
I will embrace him for to fauour thee,  
I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

*Dor.* Ah royall husband, see what God hath wrought,  
Thy foe is now thy friend: good men at armes,  
Do you the like, these nations if they ioyne,  
What Monarch with his leigemen in this world,  
Dare but encounter you in open field?

*K. of S.* Al wisdom ioynde with godly pietie,  
Thou English king, pardon my former you h,  
And pardon courteous Queen my great misdeed:  
And for assurance of mine after life,  
I take religious vowes before my God,  
To honour thee for fauour, her for wife.

*L. And.* But yet my boones good Princes are not past,  
First English king I humbly do request,  
That by your meanes our Princesse may vnite,  
Her loue vnto mine alder truest loue,  
Now you will loue, maintaine and helpe them both.

*K. of Eng.* Good *Anderson*, I graunt thee thy request.

*L. And.* But you my Prince must yeelde me mickle more:  
You know your Nobles are your chiefeft staies,  
And long time haue been bannisht from your Court,  
Embrace and reconcile them to your selfe:  
They are your hands, whereby you ought to worke.  
As for *Atenkin*, and his lewde compeeres,  
That sooth'd you in your sinnes and youthly pompe,  
Exile, torment, and punish such as they,  
For greater vipers neuer may be found  
Within a state, then such aspiring heads, (clime.  
That reck not how they clime, so that they

*K. S. Guid*



## of Iames the fourth.

*K. of S.* Guid Knight I graunt thy sute, first I submit  
And humble craue a pardon of your grace:  
Next courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues,  
Forgiue mine errors past, and pardon mee.  
My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdane,  
(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours)  
Heereafter trust me, you are deare to me:  
As for *Antenkin*, who so findes the man,  
Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straight be hangd,  
As (all his vaine arbeters now are diuided)  
And *Anderson* our Treasurer shall pay,  
Three thousand Markes, for friendly recompence.

*L. Andr.* But Princes whilst you friend it thus in one,  
Me thinks of friendship, *Nano* shall haue none.

*Doro.* What would my Dwarfe, that I will not bestow?

*Nano.* My boone faire Queene is this, that you would go,  
Altho my bodie is but small and neate,  
My stomacke after toyle requireth meate,  
An easie sute, dread Princes will you wend?

*K. of S.* Art thou a Pigmey borne my prettie frend?

*Nano.* Not so great King, but nature when she framde me,  
Was scant of earth, and *Nano* therefore namde me:  
And when she sawe my bodie was so small,  
She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

*K.* Till time when, *Dor.* Eate then.

*K.* My friend it stands with wit,  
To take repast when stomacke serueth it.

*Dor.* Thy pollicie my *Nano* shall preuaile:  
Come royall father, enter we my tent:  
And souldiers feast it, frolike it like friends,  
My Princes bid this kinde and courteous traine,  
Partake some fauours of our late accord,  
Thus warres haue end, and after dreadfull hate,  
Men learne at last to know their good estate. *Exeunt*

FINIS.